

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A NIGHT IN THE CALCUTTA HOTEL.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

James M'Carthy arrived in the metropolis of Bengal almost direct from Cork. With all the implicit credulity of his country, he had believed every story which had been palmed upon him, during the voyage; and, though he was somewhat staggered by the bold assertion of one of his brother cadets, that the race of Anthropophagi (described by Shakspeare as carrying their heads under their arms) actually existed in India, yet as he had been taught devoutly to rely on the fact that St. Patrick floated over from Holyhead (so called, says the tradition, from this miracle,) to Park Gate, seated on his own cranium, why, after all, the thing might not be impossible.

As to the race of the original serpent which tempted Eve still existing in many parts of the East, there was evidently nothing unlikely in that; while rivers of gum springing from forest-trees, colonies of monkeys who sang songs, played at cricket, and got drunk upon cocoa-nut milk, were objects he daily expected to meet with, being not a jot more improbable than one of his own native legends, or even those sporting anecdotes which he not only related as facts, but was ready to fight any man who dared to doubt them.

He had, on his father's domain in Galway, what he called a "t'orough-bred mear, that had jumped a wall seven feet high, coped and dashed, and sprang a dyke thirty-three feet wide, during a Rock-rochan* steeple-chase." He pulled the little doctor's nose because he doubted that the M'Carthy's had an attendant *banshee* attached to their family; and called out the skipper because he insisted on burning three lights in the cuddie.

Of the terror-inspiring objects of human nature in general Mac felt no dread; but the threat of a banshee, the mischief of a fairy, or the idea of his Satanic majesty clothed in an earthly form, could at any time nearly throw him into fits. Brave, open-hearted, and generous, he was passionate, superstitious, and credulous. He came, he believed, to a land of horrors, solely with the idea of picking fruit from the pagoda tree. He had about as much idea of Asia as an Indian of my acquaintance had of Europe, who once asked me if I knew "Missy East India Company?" adding gravely, "Missy Company must be very old lady now!"

Mais revenons à nos moutons. M'Carthy having no friends in Calcutta, on landing took up his abode at the hotel. There are now several hotels; but at the time I write of there was but that one, which was almost deserted, so great was the hospitality formerly displayed by the British residents in India. One or two other passengers went to the same house, preparatory to delivering their letters of introduction. By and by the evening looked so fine that he proposed to two ladies, who were of the party, to take a stroll through the town.

"Put on your bonnets, girls, and sure we'll be after looking about us. Faith, and it's a mighty fine place this Calcutta,—it's almost as grand as Cork, only, you see, they've nothing like Cove in these parts."

The young ladies consented, and the trio were about to sally forth, when, lo! the master of the

* I have here spelt the name of this renowned steeple-chase exactly as it should be pronounced, or rather I should say, as I have heard it pronounced by Galway and Roscommon men.

house stopped them at the door, and with a look of horror assured them that if they persisted in going out during the heat of the day, they would probably be struck down by a *coup de soleil*.

"Thin the divil me ever sich a counthry I ever heard of, bad scram to it," ejaculated Mac as he turned back.

As he was going up stairs, it was his fate to meet a snake-charmer, carrying several of these reptiles with him.

"Ye blackguard of the world," shouted the enraged Irishman, "is it to kill and murder us entirely you come here with yere bastes of the divil? By the piper that played before Moses, if you don't make yourself scarce, it's my mother's son that'll bate your four bones to powder."

Now this was an idle threat—perhaps the only one M'Carthy ever offered; for he would just as soon have thrown himself into a well as have approached the juggler, who was not a little surprised to find the exhibition of his powers thus strenuously rejected. Like a true Indian he only salamed, and, with the servile humility of his enslaved race, he mildly and gently retired. The sight of the snakes had made poor Mac nervous.

After a late dinner, one or two old Indians present called for their hookahs. Their *hookabedars* brought them up, unperceived by James M'Carthy, who happened to be deeply engaged in conversation; and, having placed the bottoms, or water-cups, close to Mac's chair, gave the snake (the tube of a hookah is so called) into their masters' hands.

At the first whiff M'Carthy started up. The hubble-bubble noise of the smoke passing through the water seemed to his ears like the sound of a rattle-snake; and, as they came directly from the back of his chair, the unfortunate Irishman sprang bolt upright, and looked round with horror. Presently he perceived the tube twisted round the arm of one of the old residents.

"Oh! milley murthers," cried he, pointing to the apparently dreadful object, "what is that?"

"This?" returned the other coolly; "this is my snake."

"Tunder and 'ouns!" screamed the Patlander, making a rush for the door, "what do you mane by bringing the baste here, you ould blackguard?"

It was now the turn of the other to feel astonished. An explanation, however, at length took place; and, though M'Carthy wanted sadly to fight the civilian for having made him expose himself, yet at length they became friends, and poor Mac, in the true spirit of Hibernian friendship, got gloriously drunk with him, and in this state was led to his bed.

It was past midnight. It might have been one or two o'clock in the morning, when our friend was awoke by a most extraordinary noise in one corner of his vast bedchamber. The fumes of his late orgies still rose through his brain, and to a certain degree confused his senses; but in spite of this, M'Carthy felt assured that strange and unearthly noises proceeded ever and anon from the aforesaid corner of the room. He attempted to battle the idea, and even endeavoured to go to sleep; but, alas! the mysterious noises again arose, and, in spite of semi-intoxication,—in spite of his desire to look upon the sounds as unreal, poor James was recalled by them to perfect recollection. He raised his head slightly from his pillow, and distinctly heard the same noises repeated. He started bolt upright. It was no delusion; it was no mistake, for alarm had perfectly sobered him. The same sounds met his ear. James M'Carthy defied all the world; he, however, excluded his Satanic majesty from the list of those whom he thus braved. Before any human power, however overwhelming, he would have scorned to fly. It was, he justly considered, no dishonour to retreat from an attack of Reelzebub; so he jumped out of bed, and made for the door.

The dreadful sounds still continued. Mac

trembled like an aspen-leaf. The demon was evidently approaching his victim. James could bear no more. For one instant he uncovered himself, and suddenly hurled the pillow towards the spot whence the noise apparently proceeded.

An instant only elapsed. A fluttering of wings was heard; the imp (or whatever it might be) suddenly seemed to change its form, or rather throwing off its disguise, seemed once more to re-assume its devilish attributes, and, spreading its wings, actually flew across the bed of poor M'Carthy, flapping them in the face of the unfortunate Irishman.

Words would be too weak to express the feelings of poor James. He was actually for an instant paralysed; but suddenly recovering his senses, he sprang out, and preferring death itself, he raised the window, which for the moment he forgot was two stories high, and boldly jumped out!

"Tunder and ouns! what is the meaning of this same?" demanded Mac, as he looked round, and saw every one laughing at him. "Sure I thought I was on the second floor! Ah! thin, till me, has the house sunk in the night?"

"Not a bit," replied his friend; "but, if you had happened to have looked out of the window before you went to bed, you would have perceived that there is a flat roof to the lower apartments, which forms a terrace to the second. So, why or wherefore you chose to hang out of your window in your present improper condition, and wake all the house by your cries, in preference to dressing yourself, and coming down the few steps like a steady man, I can't conceive. Poor Miss H—— is in fits. Mrs. L—— is in such a state that she has sent for the doctor; and it is feared she will meet with an accident (being in a delicate state) before he arrives. Old Chambers has got a fit of the gout from the sudden alarm, and several persons have run off to call the guard; and all this because you chose to get tipsy, swing yourself out of the window, and then roar like a bull, and disturb the whole neighbourhood."

"Arrah, thin, hush, my fine fellow, jist for a bit of a minute, and I'll till ye all about it. Sure the devil's there above."

"The what?"

"Thin may O'Donaghew and his fairies punish me, but it's thrue. You're a 'cute man; sure I'll make ye sensible entirely," and he led his friend away, and told him all about the horrors he had heard and felt.

Having put on the dressing-gown of his friend—for he feared to venture alone into his own chamber, he summoned up the landlord and one or two others, to whom he again related the way in which his Satanic majesty had visited him during the night; first, in the shape of a snake, and then in the form of an eagle. His hearers trembled, and looked at each other; but, as it was now daylight, they could not well refuse to accompany M'Carthy to his room, which they accordingly entered. No vestige, however, of the devilish visitor remained. One or two fancied they detected the smell of sulphur; but others declared this was mere fancy. Every corner was searched; nothing was visible. At length somebody proposed to look under the bed. No sooner did that person approach than a hissing noise proceeded from the spot. The whole group started back in dismay. Their cry of terror brought more persons to their assistance, and amongst others a native armed with a long bamboo. He was requested to poke it under the bed, in order to disturb the devil from his snug hiding-place. He did so. The hissing increased. The women actually shrieked with terror, and the men huddled themselves close together. A noise of wings was heard. M'Carthy, who was pale with fright, looked appealingly towards the company, and crossed himself. The native gave a still more violent thrust, when, lo! out flew, not Beelzebub, but a GOOSE!—a poor harmless goose, that by accident

had got into the bedroom of the now-enraged Irishman.

With the discovery of the cause of Mac's alarm, a general laugh arose at the unhappy man's mistake; and those who had fully shared his terrors a few moments before, were now the most forward to ridicule him.

M'Carthy vainly endeavoured to bush the matter up. He called out two of his best friends for talking of a goose in his presence; insulted a young lady to whom he was engaged, because she laughed when she heard the story; threatened and fumed about it for at least two years, at the end of which time, finding it impossible to fight the whole world, our hero suddenly turned round, joined in the joke, and ever afterwards consented to be called "Goose M'Carthy."

A RIDE IN AN OMNIBUS.

It was a most dreary, wet, uncomfortable day in March. There had been nothing but rain, rain, rain, from morning till night; sometimes descending in fierce and pitiless showers, sometimes pouring down in streams, and sometimes drizzling. The poor side-walk passengers in Broadway, slunk along, shivering and cowering under their umbrellas—here and there a solitary hack held on “the even tenor of its way,” with a driver the very image of despairing patience; and horses, almost wearied out with the fatigue of travelling in such a heavy atmosphere. The orange men, along the fronts of the public buildings and the parks, had long ago gathered up their property and departed. Even Wall-street was almost deserted, and as our omnibus crept lazily along, we only now and then passed a single clerk or sharp-visaged speculator, out of all the busy throng that usually rolls towards the merchant’s exchange.

My fellow-passengers were pre-eminently an odd set. Rainy days seem to call out all the odds and ends of the human creation—and an omnibus becomes, on such times, literally an *E pluribus unum*, or a kind of intellectual chart of mankind in both the abstract and concrete. It was about dusk, and consequently the forms around me were most of them cast in shadow, which, perhaps, served to heighten the oddity of the situation. A “*vox et preterea nihil*,” half treble and half bass, cried out, “go on, driver,” as I took my seat. I tried to catch a glimpse of its possessor, but could distinguish nothing in the darkness. I instinctively, however, conceived an idea of a wheezy alderman, returning from a meeting of the common council, unwilling to be detained from his mansion and his wine, any longer than was absolutely necessary for comfortable locomotion. Immediately in front of me was a tall, lean, sharp-visaged individual, the flexion and extension of whose lower extremities interfered materially with my convenience. From his appearance I guessed that he was either an author or a tin-peddler, both which delectable occupations have the same longitudinal tendency in a man’s *corpus et vultus*. There was a great deal of humorous nonchalance in the expression of his eye, and the manner in which he rolled his cavendish in his mouth. It seemed to speak a sort of reckless *je ne regarde*, showing that the individual was one of those happy, careless, good-for-nothing, clever sort of fellows, whom the fiercest storms of adversity cannot deprive of their composure and comfort.

“Drive, I say stop your *chevaux*. *Ma foi*—I am wet as one rat.”

The driver, with an ejaculation half way between a salute and a curse, stopt his smoking quadrupeds, and gave the stranger an opportunity to get into the omnibus.

“Madame, excusez—sare, your pardon—eh, Monsieur Long,—begar, I have tread on your toe.”

“Umph!” groaned my friend of the voice,

as the new comer, with much ado, squeezed in between us.

The tall man opposite chewed his cavendish, and looked at the now happy Frenchman with a glance of supreme contempt.

“You see, Messieurs, I am thawed out—what you call him—”

“Avast there!” shouted a sonorous voice from the side-walk, breaking short off the thread of Monsieur’s discourse—“Avast there! back your tops’l and take aboard an old salt, who has n’t a dry thread in his canvas, from mains’l to sky-scraper.”

“Can’t take in all the world here—wish the driver would send that brawler about his business,” dolefully whined a slender voice from the farther corner of the vehicle, as the driver tightened his rains, to admit the dripping sailor.

“Omnibus signifieth that which is designed for all; and even if the whole city should apply here for admission, I discern not what right our gubernator would have—on any correct system of etymology or lexicography—to bid a single applicant depart. Moreover, how know we that the mariner—for such his dialect bespeaketh him—will not be in the way of his business even here, on which supposition, a compliance with your desire, inconsiderate young man, would rather bring him among us than exclude him hence.”

This was uttered in a tone of solemn gravity which marked the speaker as a very dignified personage—at least in his own estimation. Whether the complainer was convinced, or only confounded, by this elaborate harangue, did not appear. Be that, however, as it may, he was certainly silenced; and the orator himself might as well have spared his eloquence, for long enough before he ceased, honest Jack had snugly moored his hull just opposite our complaisant Frenchman. He soon gave us to understand that he felt perfectly at home; for drawing out a box of lucifers, he deliberately proceeded to light a match and apply its blazing end to the extremity of a long nine which protruded its formidable length from his tobacco-stained lips. The sulphureous odor of the kindling match, and its sudden flash, reflected from the red curtains of the omnibus, and the visages of its occupants looking any thing but pleased with the prospect of this new annoyance, presented to the mind, for an instant, the idea of a miniature pandemonium.

One whiff, and a volume of smoke rolled off and spread through the carriage, much to the inconvenience of us all, but especially of the Frenchman directly opposite to him of the cigar.

“Mayhap, shipmates, my smoking is disagreeable to you?”

“*Oui, sare*,” replied the Frenchman, wiping his eyes, and twisting his physiognomy into sundry strange contortions—“*oui, sare*,” and he bowed as profoundly as if he had been addressing a member of congress, or the mayor of the city.

"Rather so," added our linear friend, in a tone of the most philosophical indifference.

"Extremely offensive," whined he of the farther corner, and "Yes, yes," was the unanimous exclamation from all the remaining passengers.

"'Tis to some folks," coolly responded Jack, as he replaced the cigar in his mouth, and industriously puffed away.

More voices than one were raised to remonstrate—the aldermen (as I had supposed him,) protested that such conduct was intolerable, and if persisted in would endanger the peace of the city, and demand the interference of the municipal authorities—deacon Jonathan Sobersides, a country merchant from Connecticut, who had come to look about for an early supply of spring and summer goods, and was now returning to his lodgings, from a tour of reconnaissance among the wholesale dealers in Pearl street, declared that smoking was a heathenish custom, and practised only by ungodley men—the Frenchman thought, "*pardonnez moi,*" that "*c'est ne pas one little trifle ver polite.*"

"Our Gallic companion saith truly," began the learned translator of the vehicle's name, "although his speech, it must be confessed, is somewhat deficient in grammatical accuracy, neither can it be justly regarded as genuine and unadulterated English—whereat, indeed, it behooveth us not greatly to marvel, inasmuch as he, being a foreigner, unacquainted with the idioms of our language, may be expected to err in syntax, and to intermingle in his discourse some words of his own vernacular tongue. Nevertheless he speaketh truly. Most assuredly the mariner doth not conform, in his deportment, to those laws of courtesy and civility which may be appropriately denominated the *leges non scriptæ*, whereby, in all save barbarian lands, the intercourse of man with man is governed. I apprehend that in his youth he enjoyed not the enviable advantages of such instruction touching these matters; and indeed, I may superadd, in all the various departments of science and literature which it is my happiness to communicate to the studious and docile pupils of the Pantognosian seminary of my native town. Nor doth our worthy friend err widely, who saith the practice of inhaling the fumes of that noxious weed, is a heathenish practice; for what child knoweth not that our Anglican progenitors derived the barbarous custom from the aboriginal heathen nations of this American continent."

"Not so bad a weed either," interposed Longitude, "though I've nothing to say for smoking, and think neighbor Pca-jacket here would show his good manners—say what you will of his good taste—by throwing his cigar into the street. But a well-favored quid of real cavendish, is no despicable luxury."

"De gustibus non disputandum," rejoined Sir Pedagogue, and he might have gone on to inflict upon us another of his speeches, as long as the person addressed—but he was cut short by half a dozen voices at once, in as many va-

rieties of tone, from entreaty to downright ob-jurgation, insisting on the banishment of the obnoxious long nine.

"That's Greek, I s'pose," said Jack, beginning where the man of erudition left off, "and means there's a gust coming I'd best not stand, don't it? Well, I b'leve you're 'love half in the right on't there. If it's going to blow such a gale as this about my ears, I'll even douse the glim to please you, if nothing else 'll sarve your turn;" and, (having first clapped its burning end to his left elbow, which effectually performed the part of an extinguisher,) he carefully stowed the cigar in the crown of his tarpaulin. "Two and thirty years I've followed the seas—sixteen in the merchant sarvice, and sixteen under Uncle Sam's flag, but I never sailed in a craft afore where I could n't now and then take a comfortable whiff or two in peace. If the rain did n't pour so, I'd cut cable, up stick and away where there's more sea room."

"Pity the storm would n't abate then," carelessly remarked six-foot-three.

The sailor was evidently uneasy since his cigar had been extinguished. He turned this way and that—looked out and muttered about the "eternal drizzling and pouring," and expressed his wishes that they would cease, in terms that betokened exceedingly little resignation to his fate. Deacon Sobersides—compassionate soul—offered such consolation as he could, suggesting the strikingly original reflection, that the Supreme Ruler orders all things for the best.

"May be he does, but every thing has n't turned out for the best to me, for all that." Then, after a short pause, "Well, he has been pretty good to me—as good as I deserved—sometimes;" another pause—"and I do n't know but always. I s'pose things *are* all for the best—they say we must think so, anyhow." A brief silence succeeded, then another fit of grumbling about the weather, followed by another admission of God's goodness, and then a pause, during which he seemed, as near as we could judge in the dark, to be anxiously endeavoring to get a peep at the clouds and find some prospect of a clear sky. His efforts, however, were of little avail, and he again composed himself in his seat, with one fervent ejaculation—"Do, my good Heavenly Father, clear away if you please."

We were now opposite my own lodgings, and I left the miscellaneous assemblage to fare on together as best they might.

JOHN SMITH.

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

JANE HARWOOD was the youngest, and unquestionably the prettiest of three sisters, who all had considerable pretensions to beauty. A peculiar charm, of a truly feminine character, presided over her features, and more especially in her dark eyes,

"That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon." We were cousins; we might have been connected by a nearer tie, but somehow, Jane only considered me as a brother; and I almost think now, that my affection for her was merely fraternal—but I did not think so then. At the period to which I am alluding, Jane was almost eighteen. Business had detained me for several months at Edinburgh, and I knew nothing of what was passing in London, except through the medium of the post; and every body knows how little information an occasional letter affords. My surprise, therefore, will be conjectured, when, on calling at my aunt Harwood's, the morning after my return to London, I learned that Jane was just setting off on a continental tour. Her mother informed me "that aunt Mary was going to travel on the continent, and had kindly requested Jane to accompany her." "I suppose Jane is delighted at the invitation?" "Why, no," replied my aunt, "I cannot say she is; she is not at all in the spirits you imagine." In a few minutes aunt Mary's carriage drove to the door, the only one by the way in the family, and after a few more minutes had elapsed, occupied by my aunt Mary's expressions of pleasure at seeing me, and my regrets at our being so soon to separate, poor Jane entered the apartment. She indeed did not appear in the spirits I had imagined; her face was pale, her air dejected, and her eyes bore the evident testimony of much weeping. For an instant a smile

played on her beautiful features, as I sprung to salute her; but it was merely for an instant, and then she looked more like an exile about to take her last farewell of her kindred, than a young and beautiful girl just commencing a tour of pleasure. From the observations I made, I was perfectly convinced that my two aunts were as anxious for this journey, as Jane was reluctant,—all this was a perfect mystery, and so it remained; for my aunt contrived some pretence for calling Jane away, just as I was on the point of questioning her on the subject.

When every thing was adjusted for their departure, and Jane had kissed her mother and sisters, I approached to take a farewell salutation. The poor girl burst into tears and hid her face on my shoulder; I felt a strong inclination myself to shed a tear, but my aunt Mary approaching to take Jane from my embrace, at the same time chiding her for her weakness, suddenly changed my emotions to anger. After catching the last glimpse of the carriage, as it rolled rapidly away, I returned to my lodgings, out of spirits, and very much disposed to quarrel with the first person who should speak to me.

Jane had promised to write to me, but more than two months elapsed ere I received a letter. It was dated from Paris, and contained some general observations on the country, and a slight intimation that she was indisposed. But it was not this intimation that so much alarmed me as the tone of dejection visible in every line, and I instantly resolved to follow them, and ascertain from Jane's own lips what thus could oppress her natural buoyant spirit. An engagement of some importance detained me for several days; indeed, it was more than a fortnight ere I quitted London. On enquiring at the

Hotel, from which the letter was dated, I was disappointed; they had left Paris a few days previous. After ascertaining their route, I immediately commenced a pursuit, and sometimes sleeping at the inn, at which they had rested, and sometimes losing all trace of them, I entered Brussels.

As it was late in the afternoon, and I knew no one to whom I could apply for information, I thought it as well to defer my random search till the following day. After dinner I strolled out, unconsciously, in the direction of the theatre. I entered it; the performance was going on, and after gazing at the stage, till the act was concluded, I proceeded to survey the audience. My attention was immediately directed by beholding my aunt Mary in the next box,—“Surely that is not Jane by her side?” Before my sentence was finished, I had discovered that it was indeed Jane, but so altered! I had heard that sorrow, or continual excitement of any kind, has a tendency to change the complexion, but I never saw it illustrated till then. What an altered being was my sweet cousin; her person was attenuated, her skin darkened, her eyes hollow though bright, and her face looked deathly, though there was a faint tinge on the cheek. The surprise and sorrow I expressed evidently displeased my aunt; and when I hinted that a theatre was an improper place for an invalid, I was informed by her, that an eminent physician had advised Jane to take as much exercise and amusement as possible. I attended then to their Hotel, and took my leave, with a promise to call the next morning. I did so, and found my aunt breakfasting alone, Jane not having yet risen. I had been conversing about an hour with my aunt, when her attendant entered with a message from Jane, requesting permission to remain in her apartment, as she felt much indisposed. My aunt declared she could not comply with her request, and rising, left the room with the servant. In about half an hour she returned, leading in the poor invalid. Her

face was pale, very pale; but her eyes still retained a dazzling brightness; she slightly pressed my hand as I led her to the sofa, on which she sunk quite exhausted. A gentleman, to whom my aunt had a recommendatory letter, was announced, and as Jane was unable to bear the presence of a stranger, my aunt was compelled to leave us, and receive the gentleman in another apartment. The instant my aunt left the room, poor Jane, seemed, as it were, re-animated. She rose from her reclining posture, and I was foolish enough to imagine she was better, when I saw a bright blush suffuse her deathly countenance. “Oh, no,” said she, as I ventured to express my hopes; “Oh, no, I shall never be better; but, my dear Charles, I have a favor to ask, and I feel confident you will grant it”—she hesitated—“I wish you to deliver this,” she said, drawing a wedding ring from her bosom, and placing it in my hand, “to the person whom I shall name;—had I had the slightest idea of seeing you, I would have endeavored to have explained every thing by writing; but I know not how it would have been possible, for I have never been an instant alone. This morning I endeavored with a pencil, to write his name on a leaf of a pocket book, but could not—my hand so trembled. Charles,” said she, grasping my hand with a force of which I thought her incapable, “I shall never return to England, I shall never see him myself; but I conjure you to tell him I was not unfaithful: tell him that I was kept a prisoner in my room, from the moment of my entering it after our last meeting, till I was compelled to accompany my aunt; that I was denied the means of writing, and had not a creature in whom I could confide: do convince him, Charles, that I was not faithless: the idea that he would so think of me, has continually preyed on me, and has broken my heart: tell him not soon to forget me, and to remember one whose best affections were devotedly his.” The rapidity and energy with which she spoke alarmed me; I interrupted her by asking

of whom she was speaking. Before the eager girl could reply, my aunt returned, and poor Jane was awed into silence.—The glow of high-wrought feelings instantly died away, her cheeks assumed the hue of death, her lips grew livid, her bosom heaved to bursting, her hands were clenched, and her whole frame was convulsed. I supported her in my arms, and endeavored to soothe her agony; I took one of her hands—its coldness startled me. I strove to unclasp it, but vainly strove; the next instant the finger's fell, her head sunk on my shoulder, the convulsive breathing ceased—she was too near death to sustain such agitation and live—the gentle sufferer sleeps in a foreign grave.

Two or three days after my return to London, I called on my aunt Harwood, predetermined to upbraid her for her cruelty to Jane, and ascertain if she knew to whom she had alluded. But, I found it so truly a house of mourning, that, after staying much longer than I had intended, I took leave without even hinting the purpose of my visit. My aunt resided at Kensington, and I strolled on through Knightsbridge and Hyde Park Corner, and had just passed through the gate at the top of Constitution Hill, when I was accosted by my old schoolfellow and juvenile friend, Frank Mortimer. It was with difficulty I recognised my old play-fellow in the handsome young soldier who addressed me. I had scarcely heard of him since he left school, and I knew not till then that he had embraced the profession of arms. Though I was not in the highest spirits, yet this rencontre gave me pleasure. Mortimer informed me that he had only that morning arrived in town from Ireland, where his regiment had been for some time stationed; and, that as he had merely come out for a ramble, he was at liberty to devote an hour to me.

As he was a stranger to my family, I thought there was little need of troubling him with a recital of our recent misfortune; so, as we walked down the foot-path, that leads to the Mall, I made in-

quiries after several of our old companions. I fancied that Mortimer answered with impatience; and as I was beginning an anecdote that just then occurred to me, he said abruptly, though rather hesitatingly, "I hope you are not in mourning for a relative—I trust your aunt Harwood's family are well." "Yes, they are very well—at least those I have just parted from; but it is for the sweetest flower of them all I am wearing sables." "Not Jane?" thundered out Mortimer. "Alas, yes." An exclamation of horror, uttered in a sound between a suppressed shriek and a groan, burst from my companion. He caught the railing with one hand, and covering his eyes with the other, stood motionless. Aware that his singular agitation would be observed, I strove to persuade him to walk on; without answering, he suffered me to lead him to the Mall and seat him on the first bench unoccupied. Though it was nearly dark, I could distinctly observe the agony that was rending his heart; I could see his expansive chest heave like the bosom of a woman, and the big tears drop from beneath the hand that covered his face. As I gazed on my friend in silence and astonishment, the truth suddenly flashed on my mind; it was to Mortimer I was to deliver the ring! It was Mortimer I was to convince of poor Jane's fidelity.

After remaining for more than an hour in a state of the bitterest anguish, Mortimer allowed me to support him into St. James's street, where I lifted him into a coach, for his strength appeared to be completely prostrated, and accompanied him to his lodgings. I delivered to him the ring which Jane had entrusted to my care, and told him all she had said to me. The poor young man became utterly frantic—I immediately sent for a physician, for I became apprehensive that he might endeavor to destroy himself. For five weeks he remained in a high state of delirium, calling incessantly on his beloved Jane, and uttering the most horrid imprecations against the unfeeling wretches who had

separated them. After the fever had abated, I accompanied him, by the advice of his physician, into Devonshire, where his strength gradually returned, although he remained in a lamentable state of mental dejection. In about three months, from the time of our leaving London, his regiment was ordered to the Ionian Islands; he talked of retiring from the army, but feeling convinced that change of scene

and the balmy climate of the Mediterranean, would be beneficial to him, I strongly urged him not to resign his commission.

He followed my advice, and I have since constantly corresponded with him. He is now perfectly restored to health; but has resolved never to marry. All his affections lie buried in the tomb of his first and only love.

A N O M N I B U S A D V E N T U R E .

ONE day an elderly gentleman, named Cartwright, stepped into an omnibus at Union Square, in order to pay a visit to Wall street to receive his dividends. In Broadway, the vehicle stopped, and took up a lady and a little girl, who, having seated themselves exactly opposite to Mr. Cartwright, afforded him full leisure and opportunity to survey them. The first thing he remarked of the lady was, that she was both young and pretty, and the next, that she bore in her countenance evident traces of sorrow and anxiety. The little girl was very pretty too, and, whatever her mother's cause of grief might be, was yet too young to share it, for she did not look more than four years old. Interested by their appearance, Mr. Cartwright made one or two attempts to address the lady; but although she answered him politely, she seemed too much absorbed in her own reflections to be disposed for conversation. Some courtesies offered to the child, met with a more willing reception. Before they reached Wall street, however, he lost sight of them; they descended and turned into a street that led off at right angles, whilst the heavy omnibus rumbled on to its destination.

Receiving one's dividends is a very pleasant occupation, especially to a comfortable Westchester farmer, who adds something to his principal every year, which was the case with Mr. Cartwright, who was an extensive breeder of sheep in that county. He was a very good-natured, kind-hearted man at all times; but in consequence of the soothing effect of his errand, when, having transacted his business, he buttoned up his pockets and stepped into the omnibus to return, he felt in a more than usual complacent mood, and very well disposed to chat with his companions. Accordingly he entered into an amicable dispute regarding the badness of

the times with a passenger who sat opposite, and whose errand into the city had probably been of a less agreeable kind, seeing that he professed his belief that a period of universal ruin was approaching. Mr. Cartwright took the cheerful side of the question, averring that in all ages it had been the fashion to abuse the present and laud the past, but for his part, he did not doubt that the times were as good as any that had preceded them, if not better.

Whilst our happily-disposed friend was engaged in this argument, the omnibus suddenly stopped at exactly the same spot where the lady and little girl had descended from it, and when the door opened, he perceived that it was to take them up again. The lady made him a slight acknowledgment of recognition, the little girl smiled in his face, but on looking at the countenance of the former, he could not help concluding that her expedition had not terminated so agreeably as his own. There were traces of recently-shed tears, and the expression of grief he had first remarked, seemed almost now deepened into despair. At this sight, Mr. Cartwright left off praising the times, and set himself to think what could be the matter with his fair fellow-traveller. He wondered much if her trouble arose from the want of money. She was genteelly dressed, and so was the child; but how often the outside is maintained at the expense of the inside, and with how many is personal appearance the last thing sacrificed! How frequently good clothes, the only remaining relics of better days, are accompanied by an empty pocket; and the decayed gentleman or gentlewoman, whose air and attire in the street would have repelled the suspicion of poverty, retires to a fireless hearth, and lies down with a supperless stomach.

"Perhaps," thought Mr. Cartwright,

"she has been into the city to ask the assistance of some rich relative, who has refused to aid her;" and the good man wished he could discover if that was the case.

"Who knows but one of these twenty dollar notes I have in my pocket might be of the most eminent service to her, and how well I could spare it!" But how was such a delicate mystery to be discovered? Had Mr. Cartwright been alone with her, he would have made a bold effort to penetrate the cause of her affliction; but there were several other passengers in the vehicle, and it was therefore impossible to venture the slightest observation on her distress. All he could do was to renew his civilities to the child, whilst the unhappy mother sat with her head as much as possible averted from the company, every now and then lifting her handkerchief to wipe away the starting tears as they began to steal over her cheek. "Poor thing!" sighed Mr. Cartwright, as they descended from the omnibus exactly at the spot where they had first joined it, and he looked out to observe which way they went. They turned down a narrow street, which led towards the river, and as Mr. Cartwright caught a glimpse of the water at its extremity, it rather augmented the pain he felt of losing sight of the interesting stranger without having been able to make any effort towards alleviating her distress. He remembered how often those dark waters had proved the last refuge of the destitute—the resting place of the wretched who could find no other; and when he sat down to his comfortable dinner, his thoughts involuntarily reverted to the young mother and her child, and he felt, if poverty were really the evil under which she was suffering, how happy he would have been to have seen them seated at his table, and partaking of the abundant repast provided for himself.

It was not only because he was a benevolent and kind-hearted man, that Mr. Cartwright felt thus; but also because he

stood more alone in the world than he liked. He had been married, but his wife had died childless; and he had neither brother nor sister, nor any relation alive, except his mother, a worthy old woman, who resided with him, but whom he reasonably expected to see fall before himself. Being rich, he did a great deal of good amongst the poor in his neighborhood, and in his will he had made a benevolent disposal of his property; but he nevertheless often regretted that he had nobody to make happy with it, to whom he could be attached, and who could, in return, be attached to him; and thus, when distress presented itself before him in so interesting a form as that of the lady and her child, he could not help earnestly desiring to make further acquaintance with it. "Still, however," as he said, "there are many evils in the world besides poverty, and many for which I can do nothing; so I had better think no more about it." But he could not help thinking more about it; and for the few following days that he remained in town, when his business was over for the morning, he invariably found himself lounging along Broadway, and taking a turn down the street that led to the river, in the vague hope of meeting the objects of his interest and curiosity. However, his wishes were not realised; he left New York without seeing any more of them, and gradually the impression they had made faded from his mind.

Six months after this adventure, Mr. Cartwright went to New York again, and on the precisely same errand. He had before gone to receive his July dividends, now he went to receive his January dividends. He put up at the same house, and stepped into the same omnibus, at the same hour, for the purpose of being transported to the bank; but what was his surprise when the omnibus was hailed at the very same spot in Broadway, and the same lady and child got into it! "They are poor," said he to himself, at the first glance, for the difference of their attire betrayed their secret; their dresses were

not only shabby, but insufficient for the season; and the hollow cheeks of the mother, and the faded roses of the child, told a tale of suffering and want, that could not be questioned. "Providence seems to throw them in my way," thought Mr. Cartwright; "and this time it shall not be in vain." But the lady, apparently weighed down by her afflictions, never raised her eyes, and did not see him; or, if she did, did not recognise him; whilst his attempts to make friends with the child were less successful than on the former occasion. The young spirit was nipped by penury; and cold and want had already clouded the smooth brow, and dimmed the lustre of the laughing eyes. "I must not lose sight of them," thought Mr. Cartwright, as they approached the place where they had before left the omnibus; so, when the vehicle stopped to put them down, he descended also. They took the same road they had done on the former occasion, and he followed them, desiring to address them, but not knowing how to set about it; till after a little while they entered a door which appeared to lead into a counting-house, which point being ascertained, and a probable means of tracing them thus secured, Mr. Cartwright hastened on to the bank, in order that he might transact his business and return in the omnibus as before, in the hope that they might do the same. They did so; and when they left the carriage in Broadway, he left it too, and once more followed them till they entered the door of a shabby-looking house, and disappeared without his having found resolution or opportunity to address them. After walking up and down the street a little while, considering what he should do, he advanced to the same door and knocked. "There is a lady and a little girl living here," said he to a dirty looking woman, who answered his summons.

"Them as I let in just now?" said she.

"Yes, exactly," replied Mr. Cartwright.

"What is their name?"

"Sinclair," responded the woman.

"How long have they lived here?"

"Almost two years; but they're going away next week."

"Has the lady a husband?" inquired Mr. Cartwright.

"I believe so, but I never saw him. I heard that he had turned out ill, and had left her."

"Do you know what her situation is? She does not appear to be in very good circumstances."

"Not she. That's the reason she is going away—she can't afford to pay for her board, and I cannot afford to stand out of my money."

"Has she any friends?" asked Mr. Cartwright.

"A few people used to call on her when first she came to live here," answered the woman; but they have all dropped off, and you're the first person that has inquired for her for many a day. Do you know her?"

"I believe I do; and I'll thank you to let her know that a gentleman of the name of Cartwright wishes to speak to her. Perhaps she may not recollect me, but tell her I'll explain to her who I am, if she'll do me the honor to admit me."

After a short absence, the woman returned, and desired him to follow her; and having led him up two pair of stairs, she ushered him into the presence of Mrs. Sinclair. Every thing in the room bespoke poverty, and the dresses which the mother and child had worn half an hour before had already been changed for something more homely and faded, clearly betokening that those which had struck him as being so shabby and insufficient, were nevertheless, the best their reduced circumstances had left them.

"I must begin, madam," said Mr. Cartwright, when the woman had closed the door, "by apologising for an intrusion which nothing could excuse but the motive that occasions it." To this exordium the lady bowed, and a faint blush suffused her cheek; whilst the little girl, who evidently recognised her fellow-traveller,

crept to his side and laid her hand upon his knee, whereupon he lifted her up and asked her if she remembered him.

"Yes," said she. "You were in the omnibus."

"But did you ever see me before to-day?" inquired he.

"No," said the child.

"No! it is too long for you to remember; and probably even you, madam, may not recollect that six months ago we met under exactly the same circumstances as that of this morning."

"I fancied I had seen you before, sir," said Mrs. Sinclair, "but I had quite forgotten where."

"Well, madam," continued Mr. Cartwright, "that was not the case with me; I remembered the circumstances very well, and was extremely glad of the accident that gave me an opportunity of discovering your residence, which I often regretted I had neglected to do the first time we met."

"Do you know me, sir?" inquired Mrs. Sinclair, surprised at this appearance of interest from a stranger.

"No, madam," replied Mr. Cartwright "I never saw you, to my knowledge, till we met in the omnibus last July. But as we may beat about the bush all day, and lose a great deal of time if I do not explain clearly the motive of my visit, I shall beg leave to come directly to the point, first apologising for the liberty I am going to take, and requesting a patient hearing."

Mrs. Sinclair having bowed her acquiescence, Mr. Cartwright hemmed two or three times to clear away the embarrassment he felt on entering upon so delicate a subject as the lady's distresses. He then proceeded to narrate how much he had been interested by the appearance of herself and of her child, and moved by the evident affliction under which she was laboring.

"Whether it be true, madam," said he, "that we are occasionally drawn towards others by particular sympathies, I

know not, but certain it is, that I was more than commonly affected by your unhappiness, and more than commonly anxious to contribute towards its relief, if it were in my power. But having no means of ascertaining your name, or anything respecting your situation, I was obliged to leave New York without accomplishing my wishes; but the singular coincidence which has again brought us together, leads me to hope that I am destined on this occasion to be more fortunate."

As such instances of disinterested benevolence are not common, though we believe they are not quite so rare as the world supposes, Mrs. Sinclair raised her eyes to the face of the visitor, as if she were seeking the key to his generosity. The open, honest, manly countenance of the country gentleman was one that could well stand the test of scrutiny. "I mean nothing but what I say," continued he. "I am a plain man, and make straight to the object of my discourse. There are many afflictions for which human aid can do little, but there are others which it can alleviate, and one of these is, not being altogether well off—in short, poverty. If I am not wrong in supposing that pecuniary embarrassments form some part of your distress, pray confide in me, and give me an opportunity of doing what will confer on myself the greatest satisfaction."

The tears started into Mrs. Sinclair's eyes; she blushed, and turned pale, and hesitated. "However painful it may be, sir," she said, "it would be folly to attempt to deny that I am poor; every thing you see around me attests the meagerness of my resources; and although I have other and great troubles; yet I will own that the most pressing at this moment is poverty. But what reason have I, sir, to hope that a stranger will afford me the assistance that my own connexions deny me? Why should I intrude my distresses on you? what claim have I on your benevolence?"

"Every claim, madam," said Mr. Cartwright; "at least so my feelings tell me;

and of this I am certain, that your declining my assistance would give me more pain than, I think, you would be willing to inflict on a person who desires to serve you ;” and in order to invite her confidence, he next proceeded to inform her who he was, and how he was situated ; and, in return, she told him that she had married a young man who was a clerk in a public office, but that he had forfeited his situation through misconduct ; that for some time she had lost sight of him altogether, and that, with him, her means of subsistence had ceased, except what she had been able to earn by needlework, and a very small half-yearly allowance which was paid her by a relation in the city. “It was on my way to receive that money,” she said, “that I had the good fortune to meet you in the omnibus.”

“And you do not know where your husband is ?” said Mr. Cartwright.

“No,” replied she, “I do not ; and I fear he has too much reason to keep out of sight. On the day I first met you, last July, I heard very afflicting intelligence with respect to him, when I went into the city ;” a communication which recalled to Mr. Cartwright the remarkable augmentation of grief he had observed in her countenance when she stepped into the omnibus the second time.

As space cannot be afforded here to detail the progress of the intimacy and confidence that grew up between Mr. Cartwright and Mrs. Sinclair, we must content ourselves with saying, that, having satisfied himself that she was well-worthy of the interest he was disposed to feel in her fortunes, he not only relieved her immediate distresses, but invited her and her child to accompany him into Westchester county on a visit, intending to keep them there as long as it should be found agreeable to both parties. His mother, therefore, having been duly prepared for the arrival of these new inmates, the three started for the country, and without accident reached the comfortable residence of Mr. Cartwright, where they met with a glad

reception from his aged relative. The contrast between the luxury and abundance to which they were now introduced, and the privations their indigence had long imposed on them, were sensibly felt by the strangers, as they seated themselves at the well-served dinner table on the day of their arrival ; whilst the benevolent host and hostess were intensely gratified by so favorable an opportunity of exercising their hospitality. Thus in friendly discourse over the cheerful fire, and with much enjoyment to all parties, the first evening passed rapidly away, and at an early hour, being somewhat fatigued with their journey, the travellers retired to their beds.

It was not known to Mrs. Sinclair ; but the room to which she was conducted was the one that, before his journey to New York, had been occupied by the master of the house. As it had a particularly warm and pleasant aspect, he had directed in his letter that it should be appropriated to the visitors, and another prepared for himself ; and this was accordingly done. After returning thanks to Providence for having raised them up such a friend in the hour of need, and having invoked blessings on their benefactor’s house, the mother and her child stretched themselves to sleep in the good man’s bed.

It was a sound sleep they fell into ; the journey, the change of air, the well-appointed couch, and the peace of mind resulting from the change in their fortunes, naturally disposed them to rest, and Mrs. Sinclair’s anxious thoughts had reposed in deep slumber for some hours, when she was suddenly aroused by a sound as of something falling in the room, and on opening her eyes, she beheld two men, one of whom was standing with his back towards her at an old bureau, the lid of which he had just let fall, whilst the other, who had a knife in his hand, was in the act of turning away from the bed, over which, a moment before, he had been bending. “Come along,” said the latter, in a low hurried voice to his companion ; “the old man’s

not here—we must look further—there's a woman and a child in the bed—come along lest they should awake;" and he drew his companion away.

"Are you sure they're asleep?" asked the other.

"Quite sure," answered the first.—"Quick!—come along." And they stole out of the room, softly closing the door behind them.

Mrs. Sinclair looked at her child, who fortunately still slept soundly; then she slipped out of bed—threw on her dressing gown, and gently opening the door, listened to discover which way the men were gone. She knew nothing of the house, neither where the servants slept, nor where her host or hostess slept, for she had seen nothing but the rooms below, and her own bed-chamber; but presently a slight creaking of a stair satisfied her that there were footsteps ascending to the floor above; so she crept after them. The thieves entered the room to the right; she approached the door, hesitating what to do, uncertain whether any one slept there, and afraid of uselessly sacrificing her own life if she discovered herself too soon; but in a moment more the voice of Mr. Cartwright saying, "Who's there?" satisfied her there was no time to lose, and she pushed open the door. At the sound of this unexpected disturbance, both the men turned suddenly towards her, whilst Mr. Cartwright jumped suddenly out of bed, and seized the one nearest to him by the arms. The other, on seeing this attack made upon his companion, lifted up his knife with the intention of plunging it into the breast of the man they came to murder, when Mrs. Sinclair darted forward, and seizing the robber by the arm, exclaimed, "Oh, James! for mercy's sake spare the friend and benefactor of your child!"

"Charlotte!" ejaculated the man, confounded at so unexpected a meeting,— "what has brought you here?"

"We were starving, James," replied Mrs. Sinclair, "I and your child, and the charity of this good man has saved us.—

Oh spare him for our sakes, as well as for your own!"

"Come along, Bob!" said the man, whom the reader will, by this time, have discovered to be the unfortunate woman's husband; "this affair won't do;" and pushing his companion before him, he moved towards the door. There he stopped, and turning round to Mr. Cartwright, who stood an amazed spectator of this scene, he said, "Sir, she has saved your life! Take care of her and the child."

"I will," said Mr. Cartwright, with an earnest expression, and the robbers descended the stairs, and in a moment more left the house as they had entered it, with their hands unstained by blood, and without the booty they had been induced to come in search of, from knowing the object of Mr. Cartwright's journey to New York.

Mrs. Sinclair never saw her unhappy husband again. Sometime afterwards she learned from her relation in the city, that he had been convicted of a burglary, and was condemned to the State Prison for life; but as his real name did not transpire, she was spared the infamy that would have recoiled upon herself and her child from the disclosure of his crimes. The wretched man did not long survive his incarceration. His intemperate habits and lawless mode of life had made strong inroads upon his constitution. He died thoroughly repentant. Of him it might be truly said, that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." We need scarcely add that Mr. Cartwright fulfilled his promise to the uttermost. Mrs. Sinclair continued to live at his hospitable residence, and after the death of his mother, Mr. Cartwright wishing to give her and her child a legal right to the property he possessed, married Mrs. Sinclair. The house and the estate annexed to it is now the property of her daughter, who is herself a happy wife and mother, having married a young clergyman of great accomplishments and exemplary piety of that neighborhood.

"BEING OUT OF TOWN."

BY MARK MADRIGAL.

Julia—A country life's the life for me; I'm
Wedded to a country life.

THE HUNCHBACK.

As we do not, in imitation of our London neighbors, turn day into night, so we do not turn summer into winter—remaining in town during the hot months, and leaving it not long before the air of a bright morning begins to bite shrewdly. Even before the ides of September, did we recognise on the *pavé* many a sweet face, that our eyes had looked for in vain, since first

"The fervid summer noon
Kissed the ripe lips of rosy June."

New Yorkers think it, doubtless, very fine and fashionable to leave their spacious houses, even in the upper part of the city, and betake themselves to some of the numerous "watering-places" in the vicinity, during the summer solstice. A big, bare hotel with little bits of rooms, in which one would find it difficult to swing a Grimalkin, is a mighty nice place to sojourn in for a month or two. It is *so* pleasant to dine at a long table, with rows of plates on each side and no napkins, with a clatter and a rumpus, reminding you of a cotton manufactory with fifty thousand spindles in full play. It is *so* cosy to sleep in a couch two feet wide, and to perform matutinal ablutions in a cracked, blue basin on a rickety stand.

But a farm house is still more agreeable. What nice pigs! Such a rarity! You never see nice pigs in New York. One of the gentle sex once inquired of us why people did not clean and curry them as they do horses. True enough, why don't they?—And then the cows—"moolies" or Moolahs as they say in China. Doubtless it was from observing these interesting animals, that Shakspeare was inspired to write "chewing the *cud* of sweet and bitter fancy," (the true reading is *food*; but no matter—this will do by way of parenthesis).

Oh, the *delicia deliciarum* of a farm house! So clean, and everything in such apple-pie order—large basins of milk, and such cheeses! No carpets, but the floors scrubbed so white and smooth that they have become nearly as thin as pasteboard. There is some danger of stepping through, into a domestic circle of young mice—but accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and there are always two or three cats handy to eat them up. Pah! How can they?

It cannot have escaped the attention of a nice observer that there are sometimes a few children in and about a farmhouse. Rosy innocents! How they contrive to put out of sight such vast, thick slices of bread and butter is a mystery to me. They are always eating bread and butter. The minute they get up in the morning, it is "ma, I want some bread and butter;" no sooner do they come in from school, than "give me some bread and butter" resounds with startling distinctness through the echoing halls, and, briefly before they all tumble into the same trundle-bed, rises on the still air of the summer's night, "I haint had my bread and butter." Kissing is a favorite amusement of mine. I frequently kiss children; but I should advise bachelors generally, before indulging in so harmless a recreation, to ascertain precisely how long it had been since their dear, precious, cherry lips had been redolent and glistening with "bread and butter."

Young ladies, who have been all winter long, cooped up in brick walls, "cabined, cribbed, conf—" excuse me!—largely exult in the liberty of farm-house precincts.

"Room enough to romp, here—isn't there? Mary Ann!"

"My! what fun we will have! No—

thing to do from morning till night—no work—no sewing—no books—hateful things!”

“Oh, Nancy, did you ever? If there is not the dearest pet of a lamb! Poor thing—it has lost its mother. Catch it, and give it some of this nice plumb-cake! What a splendid time we shall have!”

Doubtless—very splendid, and spent in a manner so worthy of accomplished misses. Three months’ vacation and nothing to do! There is an Elysium for female eyes, fairer than ever poet painted or rapt devotee saw in the ecstasy of beatific dreams. But let me not grow ironical as my hair grows grey. Why quarrel with the merry joys of youth? Dance, ye bubbles—dance sparkingly, while ye may, on the swift-gliding stream of life. Play in the sunshine, catch every hue and reflect it, run to the top of the wave and gleam and glitter as ye run. The flowers are fair around you and the air is pure. Soon, too soon, will the billows that waft you grow dark in the cool shadows around; soon will you slowly sail—but what am I talking about? Am I asleep? Moralizing! Pardon me—it is never polite to grow serious in polite companies. If you please, Miss Thompson, we will enter the farm-house and to “dinner with what appetite we may.”

Greens! Was there anybody, since the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, or the settlement of our Dutch ancestors in this Island of Manhattan, who ever sate down to a dinner in a farm-house that they didn’t have greens! Dandelions, turnip-tops and similar verdant abominations—abstracted unseasonably from “the lowing herds that wind slowly o’er the lea” or occasionally jump over fences, smash into conservatories of cucumbers. Cucumbers too! cold cucumbers beautifully immersed in thin vinegar—excellent for the heart-burn according to the homœopathists—*similia similibus curantur*. Cabbages too! “Giant roses wrapped in green surtouts” double-breasted and padded. A man may be forgiven for writing like a tailor on such a topic. Pork—pork, boiled plain without

truffles, *au naturel*, as the French have it. I flatter myself that I am a Christian, but I hate pork like a Hebrew. “After which,” in the language of the play-bills, “after which,” though not “for the first time this season,” nor “for the last time before its departure for Europe” either, by many appearances, suet dumpling! How that conglomerated mass of flour and fat ever got so thoroughly into the gastronomy of a farm-house that it never can get out, it would be an interesting result of very deep antiquarian research to discover. The celebrated Beau Brummel, upon being asked if he was fond of vegetables, replied that he remembered once having ate a pea; if any body can say as much for a suet dumpling, a whole one, eight inches in circumference, flattened at the ends like the globe, why—if it be a female, let her say to the Princess Glumdalke in Gulliver’s travels, thou art my sister, and, if it be a man, let him astonish the Boa Constrictor with the exclamation “thou art my brother.” Tom Hood, in longing for “green fields and pastures new,” and deploring that he is compelled to be shut up in town, speaks of an “endless meal of brick.” Pleasant, light diet, we can assure him—a perfect whipped-syllabub, in comparison with suet dumpling.

That’s all. Dinner is over. We sate down at twelve—primitive hour!—and now it is a quarter past. Time enough for the bill of fare to be thoroughly discussed, with the aid of two huge mugs of cider, “hard cider,” and last year’s pickles. We rise with sensations truly delightful. Did’st thou ever, oh reader, during the days of thy youthful pilgrimage, in thy haste, for some reason best known to thyself, while endeavoring to quit the interior of an apple-orchard, crawl, under a “rail-fence,” instead of vaulting over it—by which thou wouldst be rendered more liable to impertinent observation—and, in the act of thus crawling, after thou hadst forced through thy head and shoulders, become suddenly fixed, by reason of not being able to make the adjoining portion of thy body

follow, in consequence of a more than usual distention from the Eve-tempting fruit—(whew! what a sentence! Classical too—*a la Virgil*) and didst thou, after being in this “fix,” find it impossible, like the regulator of a bad watch, to *avance* or *retard*, and feel the rail, sharp rather, bearing down upon thy *juste milieu*? Didn’t thou ever? Well—it served you right.

Too hot to walk out, ladies, as you very judiciously observe. Too hot to drive. What shall we do for the next five hours? Read? I beg you will not go to sleep till I begin. Play at backgammon?

“There, now; I forgot the board after all!”

“I knew you would, Mary Ann, you are always just so stupid.”

“Why didn’t you remember it yourself then?”

Suppose we change the subject, fair disputants; warm conversation in warm weather is like painting the lilly—a superfluity. Little girl, bring some ice!

“Haint got none!”

How foolish to ask for it! who ever heard of ice in the country?

“What *does* make that baby cry so?”

“*That* baby! those babies, you mean; which resemble the cherubim in nothing else, except that they ‘continually do cry.’”

“What shall we do? ‘Ay, there’s the rub!’ But a few hours ago you were expatiating in the pleasure of having nothing to do. Let us do nothing. Happy privilege! Charming exemption! Homefelt delight! “Such sober certainty of waking bliss we never,”—the quotation is somewhat musty: less so, however, than this best parlor with its paper window-curtains to correspond with the hangings, which have not been exposed to the air and light since the Vandervreutzels were here, last summer.

“But we must *do* something.”

“Call the little girl, then.”

We shall here take the liberty to digress. Before the little girl shall come in, we will, after the approved fashion of some distin-

guished novelists, who, after introducing a character in the midst of a very interesting dialogue or on the eve of the happening of some most momentous event, stop for two or three chapters the progress of the narrative, to tell you all about him, his ancestors for six generations before him, and would tell you of his posterity for as many generations after him, if they could—so we (that’s classical—“so we” is decidedly classical) so we will pause to make a few remarks on little girls in general, and this little girl in particular. Of little girls in general, it may with truth be observed that they are very like other little girls; but of this little girl in particular, it may be said without fear of contradiction, that she was “a small servant”, very like the Marchioness, who made-believe wine with orange-peel and water, while in the service of that rascal Sally Brass and *his* brother, in which situation she won the heart of, and ‘passed the rosy’ to, the immortal Richard Swiveller. Did I call the little girl a small *servant*? I did, but should not; she was *the* help. Madam, be so good as to notice the article; I said *the* help not *a* help. The folks at the farmhouse, where my friends the Browns took “lodgings for the season,” and to which they invited me to accompany them, “couldn’t afford, as they phrased it, “to keep many help.” They did not seem to consider, that the receipt of no very moderate sum per week for “board and washing,” ought to have enabled them to afford it. Let me enumerate the family. There was Deacon Spaulding, the old man, and *Miss* Spaulding, the old woman; there were five hired men and a boy, to “do up the chores out o’ doors, and go arter the keows,” who exulted in the name of Nicodemus; seven children—every mother’s daughter of them girls, and six “boarders.” The “help” consisted of Lucy, the little girl. She was the child of a poor widow, who lived or rather tarried somewhere in the neighborhood; and she was “took” by *Miss* Spaulding, to be brought up. Now *Miss* Spaulding, or “the old woman”—as she was elegantly termed,

(I suppose because she was a sort of companion-piece to "the old man,") by Nicodemus, the cow-compeller--did the cooking, the baking, the washing, the ironing, the scrubbing and "general house work," and Lucy did the rest; viz., the running, the waiting, the bringing, the carrying, with countless *et ceteras*. And nothing more was required of her, except to be in fifty places at the same time, and to blow the horn to call the "men-folks" home to dinner, when Nicodemus was elsewhere, which, to do him justice, he always was; for it occupied him all the "forenoon," to drive the cows to the pasture, and all the "afternoon" to drive them back. I omitted one performance of Lucy's,—she *milked* the cows. But the reader may as well class this with the *et ceteras*, since I may call to mind other omissions.

That Lucy was a remarkable person. I remember another thing; she took care of the baby, and "saw to" the other children. "They were seven," as Wordsworth pathetically observes. The eldest two, twelve and ten years of age, went to school every day, and, as they had three miles to walk, they took their dinners in a basket,—that is, "bread and butter." The remaining five were promiscuously arranged in the Family Bible, from eight years to three months. These Lucy took care of, and "saw to." Poor Lucy! Nonsense—she was no such thing. She was the merriest little cricket that ever chirped. She was always alive and busy as a bee. Her work was continually done, and that was, as Sir Walter Scott expresses it, "extremely considerable." I am convinced that the fairies helped her, or she would never have got through with it. Lucy was just turned of fourteen, and she positively accomplished more than six women would, came they from the best Intelligence-office in the city. Lucy was a beauty. Her eyes were black, and large and limpid as an antelope's—to whose graceful figure her own might well be compared. Her hair tumbled down her neck in a cascade of glossy curls, which seemed to twist about

like water-wreaths, and I was afraid sometimes they would *flow off*. Her feet, though she was forever on them, were small in the thickest of shoes, and when she went barefooted—Venus de Medici!—what a foot! Her hands, though they were as brown as berries and "in every kind of muss," as the young ladies say, were small to a fault; they were ridiculous. Nature made Lucy in a frolic—just to show what she could do, when she set about it. Art, I am sorry to observe, had not assisted the efforts of her bountiful parent. Lucy talked through her nose the most un-Parisian Yankee, you could imagine. Her researches in orthography had not extended beyond the word "baker," as it is set down in Noah Webster's Spelling Book: The fact is, Lucy had little time to devote to Belles Lettres studies. Perhaps if she had not been obliged to "see to" the "tother" children, she might, while rocking the baby, have devoted some time to the cultivation of her intellectual powers. I think, however, that, even then, she might have found it difficult to read and understand Carlyle's French Revolution.

Call the little girl then. *Enter Lucy.* (Sweet reader, if you have lost the thread of this discourse, please to go back a little, pick it up and tie it on in this place. Thank you! that will do nicely.)

"Lucy, what can we do to amuse ourselves this long afternoon?"

"Cant tell—unless you are a mind to play with the baby."

Cunning Lucy! she wishes to share with us the burden of the little responsibility.

Voice in the distance—"Lucy!" *Exit Lucy.*

The last resource has failed; we *must* read—for the young ladies refuse to avail themselves of Lucy's benevolent suggestion. Now what to read is the question. The farm-house library consists of the Columbian Orator, Baxter's Saints' Rest, The Memoirs of Harriet Newell, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Pilgrim's Progress, Edwards on the Will, Robinson Crusoe, Mo-

ther Goose's Melodies and Scott's Commentaries. Interesting works, very! But, excepting those treating of polemical divinity, the young ladies have in former days, according to their own confession, perused them all. The divinity neither of them would listen to, because, as I felicitously observed, each one of them was a little divinity herself. With your permission, reader, I will, for the *future*, talk of "being out of town" in the *past* tense. Indeed, I always prefer *having been* out of town; I had enough of it last summer, for I was one whole day with my exquisite fair friends, in that farm-house.

But this is digression again, as Lord Byron frequently observes. Just as we were in a sad quandary to know how we should possibly get through with the rest of the afternoon till tea-time, (blessed hour! it occurred at five o'clock,) I be-thought me of a volume in my valise. Lucky thought! It was Henry Taylor's glorious dramatic poem, Philip Van Artevelde. Accordingly, as the baby happened to be asleep just then, and Lucy's dear little foot reposed on the rocker of the cradle, I thought that it was a pity she should be idle; so I sent her up stairs to "fetch" the book. She came, in something less than a second, and vanished. The young ladies composed themselves into becoming attitudes, and I began. Passage after passage of that elevating poetry did I declaim. Although I almost knew the drama by heart, I became interested in it for the fiftieth time, and read on and on with my eyes

fixed on the pages of the beautiful volume. I was delighted with the breathless attention of my auditory. I came to a deeply pathetic scene. I looked up, seeking for the tearful eyes and sympathetic glances of my sweet, intelligent hearers. They were sound asleep. The noise I made in dashing the book on the floor woke them up. I made no remark but an internal resolution, put on my hat, and walked out to look at some sheep—romantic creatures!

My female "Corinnas" claimed all my devotion for that evening; we strayed through pleasant fields and pastures near till twilight melted into night, taking note of no extraordinary appearance except a gorgeous sunset, which, as one of the ladies poetically observed, made the clouds look like changeable silk. At nine o'clock, wearied with the extent and variety of our entertainments, we "retired to rest," as they say in Bond Street, or "turned in," as the nautical phrase is.

Now I hate a feather bed. That was a climax of misery, for which I was wholly unprepared; but there was no help—so into it I tumbled, and dreamed of having broken into the harem of the Grand Vizier at Constantinople and of being smothered by order of the chief of the eunuchs. Was'nt I off—bright and early the next morning? The young ladies remained all the summer I—hope they read Baxter's Saints' Rest, or helped Lucy with the baby. They invited me to make them a second visit, but I deeply regretted that indispensable engagements prevented me, just then, from "being out of town."

DEBBY WILDER,

OR, THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY SEBA SMITH.

THERE lived a few years ago, in the interior of one of the middle states, a sturdy farmer, well to do in the world, by the name of William Wilder. He had wandered away from Yankee land in his younger days, to seek his fortune, and having been employed by a respectable Quaker to work on his farm, he had contrived with true Yankee adroitness to win the affections of the old man's daughter, and had married her. His wife having espoused one of the world's people, contrary to the rules of her order, was of course 'read out of the society;' but William loved her none the less for that; if any thing he felt a little rejoiced at it, for he thought it seemed to bring her a little nearer to him. He had no particular objections to "them theeing and thouing sort of folks," he had always found them a pretty good sort of people, but he had no idea that he should ever join them himself, and therefore felt a sort of relief, a something that he could hardly describe, when told that his wife was 'read out.'

Mrs. Wilder however never overcame, and perhaps never tried to overcome, the habits which had grown up with her childhood and youth; she always called her husband William, and continued through life to speak the Quaker dialect. But this from her lips was never ungrateful or unwelcome to Wilder's ears, for one of the sweetest sounds that dwelt in his memory was when he asked her a certain question, and her reply was, "William, thee has my heart already, and my hand shall be thine whenever thee may please to take it."

William Wilder was a thrifty and stirring man; in a few years he found himself the owner of a good farm, and was going ahead in the world as fast as the best of his neighbors. Nor has the whole sum of his

good fortune been stated yet. He was blest with a daughter; a bright rosy-cheeked, healthy, romping girl, full of life and spirits, and in his eyes exceedingly beautiful.

This daughter, at the period which is now to be more particularly described, had reached the age of eighteen years. Her complexion was naturally fair, but a little browned from exposure to the sun, for she had been accustomed from childhood to be much in the open air. If this, however, had detracted aught from her beauty, it was more than compensated by the vigor and elasticity it had imparted to her frame, and the bright and deep lustre it had brought to her dark hazle eye. She was an object of engrossing love to her parents, and of general attraction in the neighborhood.

"There's that Joe Nelson along side of Debby again," said Mr. Wilder to his wife rather pettishly, as they came out of church one warm summer afternoon and commenced their walk homeward. "I wish he wouldn't make himself quite so thick."

"Well, now, my dear, I think thee has a little too much feeling about it," returned Mrs. Wilder. "Young folks like to be together, thee knows, and Joseph is a clever, and respectable young man; nobody ever says a word against him."

"Yes he's too clever to be worth any thing," said Wilder, "and by and by he'll take it into his head, if he hasn't already, to coax Debby to marry him. I've no idea of her marrying a pauper, I've worked too hard for what little property I've got to be willing to see it go to feed a vagabond, who never earnt any thing, and never will. I don't believe Joe'll ever be worth a hundred dollars as long as he lives."

"Well, now my dear, I think thee is a

little to hard upon Joseph," said Mrs. Wilder ; " thee should remember he is but just out of his time. His father has been sick several years, and Joseph has almost entirely supported the whole family."

" Oh, I dont deny but he's clever enough, and kind enough to his father and mother," said Mr. Wilder ; " all is, I dont like to see him so thick along with Debby. How should you feel to see him married to Debby, and not worth hardly a decent suit of clothes ?"

" Well, I should feel," said Mrs. Wilder, " as though they were starting in life very much as we did, when we were first married. We had decent clothes, and each of us a good pair of hands, and that was about all we had to start with. I dont think William, we should have got along any better or been any happier, if thee had been worth a hundred thousand dollars when we were married."

This argument came home with such force to Wilder's own bosom, that he made no attempt to answer it, but walked on in silence till they reached their dwelling. Debby and Joseph had arrived there before them, and were already seated in the parlor. Seeing Joseph as they passed the window, Mr. Wilder chose not to go in, but continued his walk up the road to the high ground that overlooked some of his fields, where he stood ruminating for half an hour upon the prospect of his crops, and more particularly upon the unpleasant subject of Debby and Joe Nelson. The young man had become so familiar and so much at home at his house, that he could hardly doubt there was a strong attachment growing up between him and Debby, and he began to feel very uneasy about it. He had always been so fond of his daughter, and her presence was so necessary to his happiness that the idea of her marrying at all was a sad thought to him ; but if she must marry, he was determined it should be, if possible, to a person of some property, who would at once place her in a comfortable situation in life, and relieve him from the foolish anxiety, so common

in the world, lest his own little estate should be dishonored by family connections not equal to it. While he remained there in this musing mood he recognised Henry Miller coming down the road, and he resolved at once to take him home with him to supper. Miller was a dashing business young fellow, who kept a store about a mile and a half from Wilder's, and was reputed to be worth some five or six thousand dollars. He had heretofore been a frequent visiter at Wilder's house, and there was a time when his attentions to Debby, were such as to cause Mr. Wilder to expect that the thrifty young trader would become his son-in-law. Debby however was not sufficiently pleased with him to encourage his attentions, and for some time past his visits had been discontinued.

" Good afternoon, Mr. Miller," said Wilder, presenting his hand ; " glad to see you, how do you do ? fine day, this."

" Yes, fine day, "said Miller, " excellent weather for crops ; how are you all at home ?"

" Quite well, thank ye," said Wilder. " Come, you must go down to the house with me. Why have you been such a stranger lately ?"

" Oh, I've generally been pretty busy," said Miller, coloring a little, " I dont get much time to visit."

" Well, you must go down to the house with me now, and stop to supper," said Wilder, " you can have nothing to prevent you to day, I'm sure."

Miller colored still deeper ; said he did not think he could stop ; he only came out to take a bit of a walk, and did not think of going any farther than the top of the hill where they now stood. Mr. Wilder however would not take no for an answer, and after considerable importunity he prevailed upon Miller to accept his invitation, and they descended the hill together and went into the house.

" Debby, here's Mr. Miller," said Wilder, as they entered the parlor.

Debby rose, handed a chair, and said good evening ; but her face was covered

with blushes, and she returned again to her seat.

As Miller seated himself in the chair, he glanced across the room and recognised Joseph Nelson. The two young men nodded at each other, and both seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Where's your mother, Debby?" said Mr. Wilder; "Mr. Miller's going to stop to supper."

At this moment Mrs. Wilder entered the room.

"How does thee do, Henry?" said she, presenting her hand, "I am glad to see thee; I hope thy mother is well."

"Very well indeed," said Miller, and after a few more remarks, Mrs. Wilder retired to superintend the preparation of supper.

"Excuse me, Mr. Miller, a little while," said Mr. Wilder, "I want to go and show Joseph that field of corn of mine we were looking at back of the hill. According to my notion it is the stoutest piece there is in the town. Come, Joseph, go up and look at it."

"I think it is the stoutest piece I've seen this year," said Joseph; I saw it about a week ago."

"Oh, it's gained amazingly within a week," said Mr. Wilder, "come, go up and look at it."

Joseph was altogether unaccustomed to such attentions from Mr. Wilder, and he looked not a little confused as he took his hat and followed him to the door. They went up the road, and Mr. Wilder took him all round the field of corn, and examined hill after hill, and looked into the other fields, and found a hundred things to stop and look at, and talked more to Joseph than he had before for six months. Joseph suspected that this walk was undertaken by Mr. Wilder for the purpose of leaving Miller and Debby in the room together, but he bore it all patiently, and answered all Mr. Wilder's remarks about his crops and his fields with apparent interest, for he knew too well the state of Debby's feelings, both toward himself and toward Miller, to

feel any uneasiness. At length Mr. Wilder concluded supper must be nearly ready, and they returned to the house. On entering the parlor they found Miller alone, reading a newspaper. Mr. Wilder looked vexed.

"What, all alone, Mr. Miller?" said Wilder; "I shouldn't have staid so long, but I thought Debby would amuse you till we got back."

"Miss Debby had some engagement that required her attention," said Miller, "and asked to be excused; but I have found myself quite interested in this newspaper."

Wilder went out and met his wife in the hall, and asked her how long it had been since Debby left Mr. Miller alone in the parlor.

"She left in three minutes after thee went out," said Mrs. Wilder, "and I couldn't persuade her to go back again. She said she knew thee went out on purpose to leave her and Henry alone there together, and she would not stay. It's no use, William, these things always will have their own way, and it's no use trying to prevent it."

The supper passed off rather silently and rather awkwardly. Mr. Wilder endeavored to be sociable and polite to Miller, and Debby performed many little silent acts of politeness toward Joseph, and Mrs. Wilder as usual was mild and complaisant to all. But an air of embarrassment pervaded the whole company, and when they rose from the table Henry Miller asked to be excused, and said it was time for him to be returning homeward. Mr. Wilder endeavored to persuade him to stop and spend the evening, but Henry was decided and said he must go. After he had gone, Joseph and Debby returned again to the parlor, where they were joined a part of the evening by Mrs. Wilder; but Mr. Wilder, after walking up and down the dining room for an hour or two, retired to bed; not however to sleep. His mind was too much engrossed with the destiny of Debby, to allow of repose. He counted the hours, as they were told by the clock, till it had struck twelve. Wrs. Wilder

had then been two hours asleep, still he had not heard Joseph go out. After a while the clock struck one, and in a few minutes after that, he heard the outer door rather softly opened and closed; and then he heard Debby tripping lightly to her chamber.

"Ah," thought Wilder to himself, "it is as my wife says; these things will have their own way. This staying till one o'clock looks like rather serious business."

The next day Debby had a long private interview with her mother; and after dinner Mrs. Wilder wished to have some conversation with her husband in the parlor.

"Well, my dear," said she, "Debby and Joseph are bent upon being married. It seems they made up their minds to it some months ago; and now they have fixed upon the time. They say they must be married week after next. Now, I think we had better fall in with it with as good feelings as we can, and make the best of it. Thee knows I have always said these things will have their own way, and when young folks get their minds made up, I don't think it's a good plan to interfere with 'em. As long as Joseph is clever, and respectable, and good to work, I think we ought to feel contented about it, although he is poor. It seems to me there are as many folks that marry poor, that make out well in the world, as there are that marry rich."

After a little reflection upon the matter, Wilder came to the conclusion that his wife had nearly the right of it, and told her he would make no further opposition to the match; they might be married as soon as they chose.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Wilder, "Debby needs a little change to get some things with this week, in order to get ready to be married."

"How much will she want this week?" said Mr. Wilder.

"If thee can let her have fifteen or twenty dollars," said Mrs. Wilder, "I think it would do for the present."

"Well, now I've no money by me," said Mr. Wilder, "except a hundred dol-

lar bill, and it's impossible to get that changed short of sending it to the Bank, a distance of ten miles. I tried all over the neighborhood last week to get it changed, but couldn't succeed. I shall be too busy to go myself to-morrow, but if Debby has a mind to get on to the old horse in the morning, and take the bill to the bank and get it changed, she may have some of the money."

This proposition was soon reported to Debby, who said 'she had jest as leaves take the ride as not.'

The matter being thus amicably arranged with Mr. Wilder, there was nothing to hinder going forward with comfort and dispatch in making preparations for the wedding. Debby was in excellent spirits, turned off the work about the house with remarkable facility, and evinced unusual solicitude in her attentions to her father, answering all his wants almost before he had time to name them. And on the other hand, Mr. Wilder was in unusual good humor towards Debby. Having at last brought his mind to assent to the arrangement which he had so strongly opposed, his feelings were now in a state of re-action, which caused him to regard Debby with uncommon tenderness. His eyes followed her about the house with looks of love, and a tone of kindness breathed in every word he uttered. The next morning his old grey horse was standing at the door and eating provender full two hours before Debby was ready to start; and Mr. Wilder had been out half a dozen times to examine the saddle and bridle to see that every thing was right, and had lifted up the horse's feet one after another, all round, to see if any of the shoes were loose. And when at last Debby was ready, he led old grey to the horse-block and held him till she was well seated in the saddle, and then he handed her the bridle, and shortened the stirrup-leather, and buckled the girth a little tighter to prevent the danger of the saddle's turning, and when he had seen that every thing was all right he stepped into the house and brought out his

small riding whip and placed in her hand, and giving her a hundred charges to take care of herself and be careful and not get a fall, he stepped up on the horse-block and stood and watched her as she turned into the road and ascended the hill, till she was entirely out of sight.

Debby trotted on leisurely over the long road she had to travel, but she was too full of pleasant thoughts and bright anticipations to feel weary at the distance or lonely in the solitude. The road was but little travelled, and she met but two persons in the whole distance, one as she was descending a hill about a mile from home, and the other in the long valley of dark woods about mid-way in her journey. Had she been of a timid disposition, she would have felt a good deal of uneasiness when she saw this last person approaching her. His appearance was dark and rufianly, they were two miles from any house, and in the midst of a deep silent wilderness. But Debby's nerves were unmoved; she returned his bow in passing, and kept on her way with perfect composure.

She reached the end of her journey in due time, hitched her horse in the shed at the village hotel, and inquired of the waiter at the door the way to the bank. As he was pointing out to her its location, she observed a tall, dark looking man, with black whiskers and heavy eye-brows, looking steadily at her. She, however, turned away without noticing him any farther, and went directly to the bank. When she reached the door she found it closed, and learnt from the bystanders that the bank, from some cause or other, was shut for the day. In her exceeding disappointment, she stood silent for some time, uncertain what she should do.

"Is it any thing, Miss, that I can help you about?" said a gentleman at the adjoining shop door.

Debby replied that she wanted to get a bill changed at the bank.

"Oh, I'll change it for you," said the gentleman, "if it isn't too large; come step in here."

She accordingly stepped into the store, and giving him many thanks, handed him the bill.

"Oh, a hundred dollars," said he; I can't do it, I haven't half that amount in the store. But you go across there to the apothecary's, I think it likely enough he may do it."

Debby thanked him again, and went across to the apothecary's. Here she made known her wishes, but with no better success. The apothecary looked at the bill, and opened his pocket book, and then discovered that he had paid away all his small bills that day and could'nt change it. As she turned to go out she encountered a man behind her, who seemed to have been looking over her shoulder. She looked up at him, and recognised the tall man with black whiskers, whom she had noticed at the hotel. Leaving the druggist's shop, she observed a large dry goods store, and thought she would try her luck there. Still she was unsuccessful. As she was leaving the store she met the tall man with black whiskers again. He looked smilingly upon her and asked her to let him see the bill, for he thought it probable he could change it. After looking at it he returned it to her again, observing, if it had been a city bill he would have changed it, but he didn't like to change a country bill.

Having tried at two or three other places without effecting her object, Debby found she must give it up, for she was now told that it probably would not be possible for her to get it changed till the bank should be opened the next day. Nothing further remained therefore that she could do, and she concluded to return immediately home. As she rode out of the hotel yard, she observed again the tall man with black whiskers standing at the corner of the house, and apparently watching her movements. She could not but think he had considerable impertinent curiosity, but she rode on, and was no sooner out of his sight than he was out of her mind, for her own perplexing disappointment engrossed all her thoughts. She passed over the first

two miles of her homeward journey almost unconscious of the distance, so busily was she turning over in her mind various expedients to remedy the failure of her present undertaking. Sometimes she thought she must return again to the bank the next morning; but the journey was rather more of an undertaking than she had anticipated, and she shrunk a little from the idea of a repetition of it. She thought of several of their neighbors, of whom she presumed it might be possible to borrow a few dollars for a short time. But then she knew her father was so strenuously opposed to borrowing, that he would on no account allow it to be done, and would never forgive her should he find out that she had done it without his knowledge or consent. She might get trusted for most of the articles she wanted, but several of them of the most importance were at Henry Miller's store, and she would not ask to be trusted there, if she never obtained the articles.

Her reveries were at last broken off by the sound of a horse coming up at rather a quick trot behind her. She looked over her shoulder, and there was the tall man with the black whiskers, mounted on a large and beautiful black horse, within a few yards of her. She shuddered a little at first at the idea of having his company through the woods, but as he came up he accosted her with such a bland smile and such gentle and easy manners, that she soon recovered from her trepidation and rode on with her wonted composure.

"Rather a long road here, Miss," said the stranger, looking at the dark woods that lay in the great valley before them. "How far do you go, Miss?"

"Seven or eight miles," said Debby, hesitating a little.

"I am happy to find company on the road," said the stranger, "for it is rather lonesome riding alone. I trust you'll allow me to be your protector through the woods."

Debby thanked him, but said, "she was never lonesome and never afraid. Still in

a lonely place it was always more agreeable to have company."

"Did you make out to get your bill changed?" said the stranger.

"No," said Debby, "I tried till I was tired, but I could not find any one to change it. I don't know but I shall have to come back again to-morrow, for it is impossible to get it changed in our neighborhood."

The stranger made himself very agreeable in his conversation, and Debby began to think that her feelings at first had done him injustice, and she tried what she could to make amends by being social and agreeable in her turn. A couple of miles more had been passed over in this way, not unpleasantly, and they had now reached the deepest and darkest part of the valley through which the road lay. The heavy woods was above them and around them, and not a sound was to be heard except the murmuring of a little brook, over which they had just passed. The stranger suddenly rode close to her side, and seizing the rein of her bridle, told her at once she must give him the hundred dollar bill.

"Now this is carrying the joke too far," said Debby, trying to laugh; "in such a place as this too, it's enough to frighten one."

"It is no joke at all," said the stranger; "we go no further till you give me the hundred dollar bill."

Debby trembled and turned pale, for she thought she saw something in the stranger's eye that looked as though he was in earnest.

"But surely you don't mean any such thing?" said Debby, trying to pull the rein from his hand. "It's too bad to try to frighten me so here."

"We mustn't dally about it," said the stranger holding the rein tightly; "you see I am in earnest by *this*," drawing a pistol from his pocket and pointing it towards her.

"Oh! mercy," said Debby, "you may have the money, if you will let me go."

"The money is all I want," said the stranger, "but there must be no more

dallying; the sooner you hand it over the better."

Debby at once drew forth the bill and attempted to hand it to the stranger, but her hand trembled so, it dropped from her fingers just before it reached his, and at that moment a little gust of wind wafted it back gently toward the brook. The stranger leapt from his horse and ran back two or three rods to recover it. Debby was not so far gone in her fright but that she had her thoughts about her; and seizing the rein of the stranger's horse, she applied the whip to both horses at once, and was instantly off upon a quick canter. The man called to her to stop in a loud, threatening tone, and at once fired his pistol at her; but as she did not feel the cold lead, she did not stop or turn even enough to give him a farewell look. The remaining five miles of her journey was soon passed over; and as she came out into the settlement and passed the dwellings of her neighbors, many were the heads that looked from the windows and the doors, and great was the wonderment at seeing Debby riding home so fast, and leading such a fine strange horse.

Her father who had seen her come over the hill, met her some rods from the house, exclaiming with looks of astonishment, "what upon earth have you here, Debby? Whose horse is that?"

"Why, Debby, what has thee been doing?" said Mrs Wilder who was but a few steps behind her husband; "thee doesn't look well; what is the matter?"

As soon as they were seated in the house Debby told them the whole story, and Mrs. Wilder's eyes were full of tears during the whole recital. When she had rested a little and the gush of feeling began to subside, Mr. Wilder felt so rejoiced at his daughter's escape, that he began to feel in excellent spirits. He led the strange horse to the door and began to examine him.

"Well, Debby," said he, "since you've got home safe at last, we may begin to talk about business a little now. The hundred dollar bill is gone; but I'm think-

ing after all, you haven't made a very bad bargain. That's the likeliest horse I've seen this many a day. I don't think it would be a very difficult matter to sell him for two hundred dollars. At any rate I'll take the horse for the hundred dollars, and you may have the saddle for the twenty dollars you was to have out of it."

"And the saddle-bags too, I suppose," said Debby, feeling a little disposed to join in the joke.

"Yes, and the saddle-bags too," said Mr Wilder; "no, stop, we'll see what is in them first," he continued, untying them from the saddle. "Oh, here's lots of shirts and stockings and handkerchiefs, and capital good ones too. Yes Debby the saddle-bags are yours; these things come in very good time for Joseph, you know."

Debby colored, but said nothing.

"Now, William," said Mrs. Wilder, "thee is a little too full of thy fun."

"No fun about it," said Wilder, replacing the articles in the leather bags: "Here, Debby, take 'em and take care of 'em."

Debby took the saddle-bags to her chamber, not a little gratified with the valuable articles of clothing they contained. She emptied the contents upon the bed: and on examining to see if every thing was out, she discovered an inside pocket in one of the bags. She opened it and drew therefrom an elegant pocket-book. On opening the pocket-book she found it contained a quantity of bills. She counted, and counted, and her heart beat quicker and quicker, for before she got through she had fifteen hundred dollars in good bank money.

Debby kept her own counsel. In a few days it was rumoured that Joseph Nelson had purchased an excellent little farm in the neighborhood, that had been offered for sale for some months at a thousand dollars, and was considered a great bargain.

"Joseph," said Mr. Wilder, the next time they met, "I am astonished to hear you have been running in debt for a farm in such times as these. I think you ought

to have worked three or four years and got something beforehand, before running in debt so much."

"But I haven't been running in debt," said Joseph.

"Haven't. you bought Sanderson's farm?" said Wilder.

"Yes, I have," said Joseph.

"At a thousand dollars," said Wilder.

"Yes," said Joseph, "but I paid for it all down. I don't run in debt for any thing."

Mr. Wilder was too much astonished to ask any further questions.

Joseph Nelson made an excellent farmer and respectable man; he was industrious, and got rapidly beforehand, and Mr. Wilder was always proud of his son-in-law. It was some ten years after this, when Mr. Wilder was sitting one day and trotting his third grandson upon his knee, that he said,

"Debby, I *should* like to know how Joseph contrived to purchase this farm at the time you were married."

Debby stepped to the closet, brought out the old saddle-bags, and opening them, pointed to the inner pocket, saying, "the money came from there, sir."

DECOCTION OF ORANGE LEAVES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY THE EDITOR.

THERE lately lived in a village near Paris, a Doctor V——; he is now dead, forgotten by his ungrateful patients, many of whom owed their lives to his skill. In the year 1810 the Doctor was in the apogee of his glory, and had the best practice of any physician in Paris. He was tall, well made, had a keen eye, his conversation was fluent and persuasive, and he joined to all these advantages a profound knowledge and much natural tact. No pretty woman could have a headache but he was sent for; people thought they could not die decently until he had been consulted. The Doctor did not neglect to avail himself of his popularity, and became rich enough to be independent of the fashionable world when the fashionable world abandoned him. During the period of his greatest success he fell ill, and his recovery was greeted by the universal joy of his patients.

One of them who was something of a poet, wrote a madrigal, in which he represented that Pluto, seriously alarmed at the idea of the doctor's death, petitioned the Destinies to prolong his days, fearing that, should he visit the shades below, he would recall the dead to life. Pluto's wish being granted, the Doctor prescribed to himself a journey to Nice, that he might enjoy a little repose, and breathe for a few months the balsamic air of the South. He set out in his post chariat, and after a pleasant journey arrived at Lyons, where he proposed remaining a few days. It was the month of December; he did not know a soul in Lyons, and after dinner, not knowing how to pass the evening, he wrapped himself up in his cloak and went to the theatre.

"I shall at all events," thought he, have seen a public building."

The doorkeeper put him into a box. Dr. V—— after having examined the theatre, ensconced himself in a corner and waited

patiently for the rising of the curtain. The box door was shortly afterwards opened and two ladies entered; a gentleman who accompanied them said, "I hope you will be comfortable here ladies," and then disappeared. The doctor rose to bow to the ladies as they passed him, threw a scrutinizing glance on one of them, and certainly her countenance was well calculated to attract attention. She was a woman of about thirty five years of age, tall, as most of the ladies of Lyons are, and still remarkably beautiful, added to which, there was a paleness and an air of melancholy which gave an interest to her features. The doctor, after making these observations, again sat down in his corner, still enveloped in his cloak. The theatre gradually filled and the performance began.

"Dear me," said the Doctor to himself, "I have a great mind to change my seat, these two ladies who do not now say a word to each other would talk freely if I were not here! I must be sadly in their way."

Just as he was about to obey this feeling of delicacy, a box, exactly opposite to the one he was sitting in, was opened, and a young and beautiful woman, whose appearance was rather bold, entered it, her bare shoulders being but partially covered by a cashmere shawl. At the time of which we are speaking, these delicate and magnificent shawls were much more rare, and more highly thought of than they now are; they then cost a much greater price, and in the provincial cities, a woman who possessed one was considered superlatively fortunate. On seeing the new comer, the lady sitting in the Doctor's box shuddered, and placing a trembling hand on the arm of her friend, exclaimed in an agitated voice, "Oh heavens! she has a cashmere! He has given her a cashmere!"

The lady wept bitterly, and then forget-

ting that a stranger was sitting close behind her, and could hear all she said, relieved the agony of her heart by relating all her miseries. The doctor was thus, in spite of himself, made acquainted with the unhappy secrets of a Lyonnese couple, whom even opulence could not shelter from affliction. The aggrieved lady entered into all the minutiae of her husband's infidelities; and the Doctor, who in the first instance, expected to hear only some provincial tittle tattle, was initiated into the mysteries of a most serious and profound grievance. The lady every now and then paused, overcome by her feelings, and then again took up her recital from the very commencement of her husband's fatal infatuation, dwelt upon each particular circumstance, interlarding her story with observation's on her husband's cruel behaviour to his daughter also, who having fallen in love with an excellent young man, the son of a rival merchant in the city, had refused his consent to their union from the hatred he bore the father. She every now and then cast a painful look towards the woman in the cashmere, who, disdainful and proud, appeared to brave her resentment.

"What do you say is the name of that creature?" inquired her companion.

"Juliette—Juliette," replied the lady. "Oh! I can no longer bear this," said she rising, "I cannot possibly remain here—I must quit the theatre—I am sorry to deprive you of your amusement, but you will not leave me, will you?"

"Certainly not, my dear friend, let us begone—I readily conceive how painful this must be to your feelings."

The two ladies left the box, and the doctor remained alone. Overcome by the fatigue of two nights travelling in his carriage, and the comfortable warmth of his cloak, he fell asleep, and was only awakened by the noise made by the audience quitting the theatre. The doctor joined the throng and took, as he thought, the road to the Hotel at which he had put up. He had slept about two hours. Being in a strange town,

and mistaking the streets, he soon lost his way. After having wandered about some time, he thought of asking some one to direct him to his Inn, when a door was opened before him, and he saw a woman cross the street and go into a shop where a light was still burning; he followed her. The woman pushed open the door, which was standing ajar, and addressed herself to the shopkeeper who was still behind his counter:

"Mr. Giroux," said she, "in the name of heaven, tell me the address of the nearest doctor; Madame is very ill; Made-moiselle is not much better; our family physician lives at the farther end of the town, and we do not know what to do."

Doctor V. thought that the nearest doctor was himself; he therefore accosted the woman.

"My good woman," said he, "I am a physician."

"You, Sir?"

"Yes, certainly, why not?"

"Well then, Sir, will you have the goodness to visit my mistress?"

"Most willingly."

The invalid was at no great distance; the doctor, however, obtained what information he could as to the nature of her malady, as he ascended the stairs which led to her apartment. Madame Deslandes was suffering from a violent nervous attack. In those days nervous attacks were quite fashionable; the disease was imported from Germany; and one physician, a man of much penetration, cured it radically by administering pills made of bread crumbs covered with gold leaf; but there were sceptics who denied, not merely the efficacy of the remedy, but even the very existence of the disease. Doctor V. was too good a physician to decide the question dogmatically, and followed the servant without knowing precisely the nature of the infirmity he had to contend with. He was shewn into a drawing room, rather in disorder, where he was shortly afterwards joined by a man of about forty years

of age, whose countenance bore evident traces of agitation.

"You are a physician, Sir?" said he, addressing the Doctor.

"I have that honor, Sir."

"May I know the name of—"

"Doctor V——."

"Doctor V., of Paris! he whose journey to Nice has been announced in the *Journal de l'Empire*?"

"I was not aware that the newspapers had mentioned my journey, but I am the person in question. I have been in Lyons only a few hours, and was passing through this street to go to my hotel, the way to which I had most probably mistaken, when one of your servants enquired, in my hearing, for a physician; I was the nearest, and thought that both my duty and humanity compelled me to assist persons suffering under illness, provided always that my services proved acceptable; you may, therefore, Sir, command them."

"Ah! my dear Sir, Heaven has surely sent you to our aid."

"Accident, Sir," replied the Doctor.

"My wife! my daughter! you cannot imagine the sad state they are in."

"Will you allow me to see the ladies?"

Mr. Deslandes himself conducted the doctor into his wife's room. It was infected with the penetrating effluvia of Hoffman's drops. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, the Doctor immediately threw open the window and undrew the curtains which concealed his patient; it was the very lady who two hours before had sate in the same box with him at the theatre. Madame Deslandes was lying on the bed, her eyes half closed, her chest heaving violently, and suffering from nervous spasms. The Doctor took her convulsively closed hand, attempted to raise her stiffened arm, spoke to her first in a loud tone of voice, then more gently placing his mouth close to her ear, but all uselessly; she was in a complete swoon. The Doctor seated himself on the foot of the bed and remained some time in a pensive attitude, leaning his head upon his hand;

he then rose and addressing the servant maid, who was watching her mistress, said:

"You will give your mistress from time to time, a spoonful of a decoction of *orange leaves*. Sir, added he, turning to Mr. Deslandes "if you please, we will now proceed to see Mdlle. Deslandes."

The young lady was in that agitated sort of sleep so common with invalids, and it appeared that the delirium with which she had been afflicted all the day pursued her even in her dreams: *agri somnia*. The Doctor laid his fingers gently on the pulse of his patient, who shuddered and pronounced a few incoherent words. The Doctor then said to her father.

"A decoction of orange leaves."

"A decoction of orange leaves!" cried Mr. Deslandes, "what, the same remedy you have ordered for her mother?"

"Precisely," said the Doctor.

They returned to the drawing room where Mr. Deslandes interrogated him very anxiously.

"What think you of the state they are in? Your composure Sir, only half satisfies me. For a month past I have observed my daughter become thinner, and thinner, loosing one by one all the signs of youth; the beauty of her eyes has fled, the brilliancy of her complexion has faded; she is dying, Sir, dying consumed by a devouring fever."

"It is indeed a *slow* fever," said the Doctor.

"And my wife too," rejoined Mr. Deslandes, "I thought just now that she would have expired in my arms!"

"They are both, Sir, very serious cases."

"And does not medicine," said the husband "afford any other remedy than"—

"Than a decoction of orange leaves," gravely replied the Doctor.

"Ah! Sir, I have not the honor of being known to you, but do every thing I entreat you for the two beings whom chance has placed under your care, that you would do for your dearest patient, and we will bless God, or chance, if you will so term it, who directed you to this house."

"A decoction of orange leaves," reiterated the Doctor.

Oh! Sir, supposing that the wife of Marshal — or of Senator N. were in the same state in which my wife and daughter now are, would you prescribe such medicine as this?"

"Absolutely nothing more; I should make them take a decoction of orange leaves; were I at Paris, however, and my assistance were required in a family who confided implicitly in me, and would follow my prescriptions with unhesitating submission, I might perhaps add something more—but, continued the Doctor, after a pause, "I am in the country, and therefore must pursue the country practice."

"Sir," said the Lyonnese Merchant, "pray change your tone with me; the life of my wife, that of my child is at stake; command, prescribe! I swear to you that"—

"What you require of me is of a most delicate nature," rejoined the Doctor, "reflect Sir, that I am about to pry into the secrets of your family—to place you in a position to decide between your passions and your duty, and in which, should you not implicitly follow my prescriptions you will become guilty of homicide."

"Speak, Sir, speak."

"Do you love your wife, Sir?" said the Doctor abruptly.

"You see that I do love her! The agony in which I am must prove it to you; it is very true, that having been married now eighteen years, I have no longer that ardent love which is the attribute of youth; but with us, as with all married couples a lively friendship has succeeded to—"

"You have a Mistress Sir?"

"Sir," replied Mr. Deslandes casting down his eyes.

"You have a Mistress, and for that creature you leave your wife, your daughter, your home—for her you compromise your fortune—Madame Deslandes who is still young, beautiful, and affectionate, and who dearly loves you, sees herself abandoned by you, for an unworthy girl—for Mdlle. Juliette——"

"How can you know, Sir——"

"This Juliette," continued the Doctor, without paying any attention to Mr. Deslandes' question, "impudently sets at defiance your legitimate wife, makes a display, even before her eyes, of luxurious extravagance, wears your gifts as trophies, appears in the public walks and at the theatres covered with diamonds, lace and cashmeres; triumphs over a virtuous woman, whom she has the insolence to look upon as a rival; and you the author of all this evil, who perhaps have just had an altercation with your wife, which has reduced her to this pitiable state, you look to medical art for a remedy. You wish the physician this evening to close the wound which you will open afresh to-morrow! No, Sir, no, your wife will die, and you will have killed her. Doubtless a decoction of orange leaves is a sovereign remedy, but this remedy is not sufficient in this case; you must have nothing more to say to this creature, this Juliette, excepting to make her leave Lyons, and that instantly, even at this hour, before day-break. This is no difficult matter, for after having paid a woman to remain in a town, it is easy enough to pay her to go out of it. Should you hesitate, I again tell you your wife will die.—There Sir, that is my mode of practising physic in Paris.

Mr. Deslandes was at heart an excellent man; he loved his wife more dearly than he imagined, and he would have recoiled at the idea of hesitating, even for a moment, between Juliette and the existence of his wife. He decided the matter at once.

"Sir," said he to the Doctor, "you shall be obeyed, I will never see Juliette again, and I solemnly promise that she shall leave Lyons to-morrow."

"This is as it should be," replied the Doctor, pressing the hand of his new client, not a word about it to Madame Deslandes, she must not be disturbed; there must be no noise in her room; only take care that she has the decoction of orange leaves, and I will be responsible for her recovery."

He rose and was about to leave the room.

"And my daughter," said Mr. Deslandes.

"We found her asleep, and I thought it better not to awaken her—I will be here again to-morrow."

The Doctor kept his word ; the next morning, at nine o'clock, he was at the bedside of Madame Deslandes. His *panacea* had done wonders ; the violence of the attack had passed, the nerves were no longer in a state of irritation, the patient had passed a good night, and all that remained of her recent illness was a sensation of languor attended with great melancholy. Mr. Deslandes was not in his wife's room. The Doctor, after having announced himself as Mr. V., the Paris physician, who had, the evening before, been fortunate enough to be called in to attend her, availed himself of her husband's absence, and added :—

"Your city of Lyons, Madam, is a very noisy one, if I may judge from the hotel where I am staying.

"Did you not sleep well then," said Madame Deslandes, faintly.

"I have not closed my eyes ; only imagine, Madame, a young man from Marseilles lodges in the hotel, who, it appears from what I have been told, fell desperately in love at the theatre last night. Were you at the theatre last night, Madame ?"

"Yes, Sir, with a friend of mine ; but I was obliged to leave early because I was taken ill."

"Well, this young man, as I said before, fell in love with one of those creatures who ought not to be permitted to turn peoples heads, but whom however"—

Madame Deslandes sighed, the Doctor continued—

"These Southern gentlemen are so very inflammable ; the Marseilles spark insisted upon carrying off the lady : she had come to the Hotel to see him ; there never was heard such shrieking : Charles here, Juliette there."

"Juliette ! Juliette !" exclaimed Madame Deslandes.

"Yes, Juliette ; I got out of bed, they were making such a tremendous noise in the Hotel ; I went to my window and saw them both get into a post chaise and drive off."

"Yes, my dear wife," said Mr. Deslandes, who entered the room at the instant, "Mdlle. Juliette is no longer in Lyons."

Mr. and Madame Deslandes embraced each other very tenderly.

"She is cured, she is cured," exultingly exclaimed the Doctor, "did I not tell you that a decoction of orange leaves was the only specific necessary in this case ?"

"And our daughter ?" said Mr. and Madame Deslandes.

"Oh ! she has a very dangerous slow fever. An ordinary physician would stuff her with bark ; but I have another mode of proceeding. Tell me now, confidentially, is there not a little secret love affair there ?"

"Alas, Sir, it is but too true."

"You must let her marry, or I will not answer for the consequences. As to you, Madame, young, beautiful and beloved by your husband, your being made a grandmother can make but little difference to you—you will always be a charming woman ; and you, Sir, to whom could you more advantageously marry your daughter than to the son of a merchant, who although a rival in business, is not an enemy. A young man too who is amiable and rich. To speak frankly, Mdlle. Deslandes could not have made a more sensible choice. You know it ; in your own mind you must be fully persuaded of it ; and if, as I believe, your daughter has perceived that you are sacrificing her happiness to your self love, this powerful conviction, doubtless, increases the malady, which may become incurable.

While the Doctor was speaking, Mons. Deslandes paced up and down the room, and at last went to the window.

"See there," said he, "there he is passing and repassing before the door."

"Who ?" enquired Madame Deslandes.

"Who should it be," replied the Doctor, "but the young man who loves your

daughter? He knows that she is dangerously ill, and you will not allow him to enter the house! Is it not natural that he should wish to be near her?"

The Doctor ran to the window and threw it open; he made a sign to the young man to come in; he appeared to make but one bound from the foot of the stairs to the landing place. The Doctor took him by the arm and dragged him into the young lady's room.

"Mademoiselle," said he to the invalid, "here is a young man who has a great desire to marry you; he has obtained the consent of your father and mother; but it is upon one express condition, that you immediately get well. Ho! ho!" continued he, laughingly taking hold of her hand, "this is something like—here is a pulse which begins to beat reasonably. I predict that in twenty four hours all fever will have disappeared."

The doctor's prediction was verified and the marriage speedily took place.

Before he left Lyons, Madame Deslandes had an opportunity of speaking to the doctor in private.

"Tell me," she said, "you to whom I owe so much, how was it that you managed to cure both the mother and the daughter, by so adroitly divining their precise position?"

"In the first place, Madame, I had worthy people to deal with, which is a favorable circumstance for a physician, when the origin of a malady proceeds from mental affection; I go sometimes to the theatre, and as a play is, or ought to be, the mirror of society, it sometimes shows us."—

"How? yes, it must be so! the man who sat behind me enveloped in his cloak, was, —"

"Hush! hush! Do not attempt to guess any thing, you will only weaken the efficacy of the *decoction of orange leaves*."

A few days after this conversation, Dr. V—— left Lyons and set out for Nice.

DREAMS OF THE LAND AND SEA.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

SUNDAY AT SEA—A REVERY.

"We could not pray together on the deep,
 Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,
 Soft, solemn, holy!" HEMANS.

'Tis Sunday!—Far to the westward lie the regions of the Amazonians, and, in the east, the Caffre hunts the ostrich. From the south, the lonely island of Tristan d'Acunha looms high above the horizon. Although twenty-three miles of water intervene between us and the base of this extinct volcano, the spray of the long billows of the southern ocean rises in misty clouds above the perpendicular and rocky shores, shading the mountain with a pearly veil, widely different in color from the soft blue tint of distance.—Even from the mast-head, whither the desire of solitude has led me, the summits of three or four billows complete the range of vision; for, around the entire circuit of the earth, the eternal west winds sweep, with scarce a barrier to their action.

To those who are familiar with the Atlantic only—that comparatively diminutive expanse, which Humboldt has appropriately called "an arm of the sea,"—the extent of these mountain swells must appear almost incredible. It is not their height—for this is fixed within narrow limits by an immutable law—but their vast, unbroken magnitude, that awes the observer with the consciousness of infinite power. What are the proudest monuments of human strength and skill, dotting the surface of creation, when compared with these majestic waves, which are themselves but the ripple of a passing breeze.

Reclining in the main-top, above all living things, except the wild sea bird—an antiquated volume on the Scandinavian mysteries in hand—I give myself up to solitary reflection.—Dark dreams of superstition!—and must the order and loveliness of this glorious world be terminated in one wild wreck—one chaos of hopeless ruin!—shall all the labors of creative goodness sink beneath the power of the unchained demon of destruction!

We move upon the hardened crust of a volcanic crater!—The solid pillars of the earth have given way once and again!—The stony relics of a former world forewarn proud man himself, that he too, with all his boastful race is hurrying to his doom!—All things have their cycles.

"This huge rotundity we tread grows old!"

What a pitiful guide is the unaided light of human

reason, when it grapples with the mysteries of creation! The good and great have lived in every land, and all have striven to elevate the soul of man above the grovelling passions and desires that link him with the brutes—pointing his attention to the future, and instilling a belief in other powers, by whose high hest our destiny is governed, and whose wise decrees will prove hereafter the reward of virtue and the scourge of vice.—Yet what have they accomplished!—Each forms a Deity, whose attributes are the reflection of the physical objects which surround him, or the echo of his own ill-regulated feelings!

In the bright regions of the East, where the unremitting ardor of the sun gives birth to an infinity of life, and the decaying plant or animal is scarce resolved into its elements, ere other forms start forth from its remains—*there*, the soul of man must wander from link to link in the great chain of Nature, till, purified by ages of distress, it merges into the very essence of the power supreme!—a power divided and engaged in an eternal contest with itself! a never-ceasing war between the principles of Good and Evil!

In those distant regions of the North, where winter rules three-quarters of the year, and the orb of day, with look askance, but half illuminates man's dwelling and his labors—where verdure, for a few days, clothes the hills with transitory grace; but all that seeks support from vegetable aliment is endowed with fleetness like the reindeer, or migrates, in the icy season, to more genial climes with the wild duck and the pigeon;—in that gloomy circle, where the frozen earth scarce yields a foot in depth to all the warming influence of summer, and men, curtailed of half the sad resource spared even in the primeval curse, swept with their robber hordes the provinces of their more fortunate neighbors until the iron art of war barred up the avenues to these precious granaries;—in that inhospitable region where dire necessity inters the living infant with the departed mother, and resigns the aged and decrepit to starvation!—the Parent of Good is a warrior armed, compelled to struggle fruitlessly with Fate, until, with Thor's dread hammer in his hand, he yields, and breathes his last beneath the arm of liberated Locke!

All! all contention!—Our very nature refuses credence in annihilation! Then—

“When coldness wraps this suffering clay,”
“Ah! whither flies the immortal mind!”

Is there no place of rest?—no truth in the visions which haunt us as the sun declines, and the rich hues of evening fade away—when the spirits of those we have loved “sit mournfully upon their clouds,” gazing, with a chastened melancholy which refines but cannot darken the calm bliss of Paradise, upon the ceaseless, bootless turmoil of their once cherished friends? Mythology presents us with no brighter future than the wild riot of the Hall of Odin, the lethean inanity of Hades, or the sensual and unmanly luxury of the Moslem Bowers of the Blest.

But hark! A manly voice, speaking of a loftier philosophy, rises upon the clear air from the very bowels of the vessel.

“And the earth,” it cries, “was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.”

Slowly and in measured cadence poured forth, from the lips of one who felt the truths he uttered, the exposition of the order of creation and the high destinies of the creature. 'Tis a layman's effort, clothed in language suited to the rude ideas of simple-minded men:—I am not of his faith,—and cannot crowd my thoughts within the narrow compass of our wooden walls:—aloft in air, my temple is the canopy of heaven!—my hymn—the wild tone of the ocean-wind with the low rushing of the billows!—the symphony of Nature!—yet, as the words of prayer ascend upon the gale, my own thoughts follow them.—I know them for the pure aspiration of the heart,—the breathing of a contrite spirit!—They are registered above!

All is still!—But, again, the harmony of many voices strikes the ear. A hymn of praise from the wide bosom of the southern ocean!—No hearer but the spirit to whose glory these sweet notes are tuned!

The distance, and the deadening influence of the narrow hatches, render words inaudible; but, such as this, their tenor might have been.

Being of almighty power,
On the wide and stormy sea,
In thy own appointed hour,
Here, we bow our hearts to thee!

What is man, that he should dare
Ask of Thee a passing thought?
Ruling ocean, earth, and air,
Thou art all—and he is naught!

Like a mote upon the earth!
(Earth—a mote in space to Thee!)
What avails his death or birth?
What, his hopes or destiny?

Yet, a spirit Thou hast given
To thy creature of the clay,
Ranging free from Earth to Heaven,
Heir of an eternal day!

In thy image Thou hast made,
Not the body, but the mind!
That shall lie defiled—decayed!
This to loftier fate consigned,

Shall, above the tempest roar,
Viewless, gaze on all below,
And, its mundane warfare o'er,
Calmly watch Time's ceaseless flow!

Aid us! Father! with thy power!
(Without Thee our strength is naught!)
Thus, in Nature's dreaded hour,
We may own the peaceful thought,

That, our blinded efforts here,
May not mar Thy great design,
And each humble work appear
Worthy of a child of Thine!

The voices have ceased.—The service, in which all the company except the helmsman and myself had joined, is ended; and, one by one, the officers of the vessel, followed by the watch on duty, in their well blanched trousers and bright blue jackets, appear on deck; their sobriety of mien, and cheerfulness of countenance speaking volumes in favor of the benign influence of Christianity, even when acting upon what are erroneously considered by many, the worst materials.

FLEANCE: A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.'

CHAPTER FIRST.

'MERCIFUL Heavens! how the guns boom! Every report tells of destruction and death. The bombardment has commenced; and if the enemy take the town, their next step will be here; and if disposed to be unmerciful,' exclaimed the youth, pausing and looking tearfully at the couch of his dying mother, 'what will become of us, already too much afflicted? There! again and again! How the panes rattle, and the whole house is jarred! Those cruel sounds will disturb her slumbers after the restless night. Draw the curtains closer around her, Mary. But I suppose it will be all in vain.' And the youth bent his head to the pillow, and kissed his mother's brow.

An aged woman sat in an antique chair by the bed-side. She was tall and stately. A certain bloom which must have been very bright upon her young cheeks had never faded away, and there was that serene composure and grace in her mien which make up a beautiful, admired old age. Hers was a serenity springing not from the perpetual absence of sorrow, or from having ever dwelt in some vale of quiet loveliness, but from an energy which had risen triumphant over the most poignant griefs, and a cheering faith which looked beyond the grave. 'My child,' said she, clasping the hand of the agitated boy, 'never let despair fasten on so young a heart. If you tremble and weep on the first threshold of life, how can you breast the mighty griefs and conflicts of the world? Learn even thus early in the hour of darkness to hope for the glimmerings of light. Though your father be dead in his country's cause, and she, poor sufferer! your only parent on earth, in God's good pleasure may soon die, learn to look up with me, and to say confidently, 'OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN!'

Tears and smiles gleamed at that same moment from the uplifted eyes of the aged woman, and she looked as if she had caught the very spirit which makes the angels happy. And then with a fine eloquence, which consisted rather in aspect and expression, and in the mournful scene, than in any words which can be committed to our page, she proceeded, holding the boy's hand still in her own: 'Let God be your refuge from this time, my son; and whenever troubles come you shall not flee to him in vain. You shall be shielded from those which are too heavy to be borne, by the merciful hand of Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and you shall go forth to battle with the world with a strength not your own. Look at me, Fleance. Am not I three-score years old and ten, and have I ever despaired? I have seen nearly all who were dear to me and who set out with me in the journey of life one by one fall away from my side, until I am left almost alone and unsupported except by HIM. I have beheld my fondest hopes all

perish, and I live but to acknowledge God's goodness, and to enjoy his benefits, and yield a willing submission to his providences; and cheerfully will I abide, while I have one to love in the world, and while with these feeble arms I can sustain one drooping head. Listen to me, Fleance, and let me say now what I may not have so good an opportunity again of saying. Should your mother die ——'

The boy looked up and trembled as with an ague. 'Say not so!' said he. 'It cannot be; at least not yet—not yet! She has been better for a week past.'

'All things are possible with God, my son; let us ever hope the best. But whenever such an event may come, you will be left alone to guard your sister; she is your only one. I need not implore you to cherish and defend her. Your own kind heart prompts you to do all that. But should I too die, and the aged must expect to die soon, there are truths which you must diligently instil into her young mind, and teach her to read that blessed Book which my poor dim eyes would have delighted to teach before they were closed for ever.'

The boy's countenance sparkled with an unwonted intelligence, and stretching forth his hand involuntarily to that sacred Book which lay near, silently indicated by his looks a promise which carried with it the force and solemnity of an oath. Then dashing the tears from his eyes he ran to seek his young sister in the garden, whither she had just gone. She was playing among the flowers, wildly beautiful as they. Taking her by the hand he led her back into the melancholy apartment from which she had escaped, and made her contemplate the faded form of her parent. 'She is her mother's image,' whispered the aged woman, 'her image to the very life. The same speaking lineaments, the same auburn ringlets, the same soft large eyes.'

The child gazed about her unconsciously, awed into silence, but unable to appreciate the emotions which agitated their hearts. With the exception of the dreadful sound of the distant cannon, and the ticking of a watch, and the hard respiration of the sleeper, a hushed stillness prevailed. At last some women who were neighbors came into the room to inquire how the sick person did. They looked ominously at her, whispered among themselves, and then shook their heads. 'I have just been told,' said one, 'of a remedy which has done wonders in consumption.'

'Consumption!' exclaimed the youth, looking up in consternation, and struck with the matter-of-fact air of the speaker. The dame went on to say:

'The tea of liverwort has been known to cure the most desperate cases, if one can put any faith in what is told one. It is true our poor neighbor was not so far gone as this dear lady, but he was wonderfully ill. No one would have believed that he could live a month. He was wasted away to a shadow. He had hectic fever, night-sweats, and a cough that was painful to listen to; and he was getting worse, until some one told him to take the tea of liverwort, and he did so night and morning, and now he is a hale man, and ascribes his life to it. Depend upon it, it is a great remedy in consumption.'

'Liverwort!' exclaimed the boy, starting from his seat with eager

pleasure; 'then I know where it may be found, and I will go instantly to obtain it. It grows in the woods where Mary and I used to gather wild strawberries in June. Spare me a little while, grand-mother. The sun is three hours high, and I will gather a goodly parcel before he goes down.'

'Do not stay long, my love. Do not be absent after night-fall.'

The youth went to the door, then came back a moment, drew the curtains of the bed, and looked upon his mother's face. It was calm and peaceful, but the cheeks how sunken! At times a transient smile would flit over it, as if some pleasant image were suggested, or as if she were anticipating those happy scenes which could not be won without a struggle—the last struggle of death. He gazed long and ardently; then he took a little basket upon his arm and went out.

CHAPTER SECOND.

As he left the cottage (it was the cottage where he had been born) he murmured to himself, as he cast a hasty glance about its portals, that all things wore an air of neglect. The vines wandered about wildly, the rose-trees drooped to the earth, and seemed to lament the hand which had ceased to care for them of late. Neatness and trim embellishments speak of life and taste and happiness and hope. But around the household where Death hovers and threatens to be present with his dark wing, flowers and all that is beautiful in the fields as well as the blue skies above them are nugatory and vain. The time may indeed come again when we may merrily keep tune with the birds of spring-time, or with the reaper as he binds the sheaves of harvest; but we have no heart to enjoy the bloom or to gather the flowers which spring up in the valley of tears. Nevertheless, the youth stretched forth his hand instinctively, and grasping a handful of half-blown roses which grew from a single stalk, placed them in the crown of his hat as he hastened forth upon his filial errand. He took a solitary path which led to the neighboring woods. He had just turned an angle of it, when a young woman met him from a near cottage. She might have been a year older than himself, and he stopped to converse with her a moment; and the conversation was with the easy familiarity of those who from their childhood had been friends. 'The good news has already reached us,' said she, brightening in all her features; 'the enemy have been repulsed.'

'The enemy!' exclaimed the youth, reflecting back the same sudden joy, and holding the girl's hand; 'I seem at this moment to have none upon earth.'

A crimson hue flashed over her cheeks and then receded as suddenly. A winning story had been told without words. Minutes winged their flight; but hours would have seemed as minutes. At last the youth reproached himself for tarrying so long, and hurried on without revealing to her his errand. He could not help glancing backward once; he saw her retreating form, and smiled. She was one whom having once seen one might well look back upon, and by virtue

of that second glance the heart would take her image indelibly; and if she were never seen again, it would be an ERA in that HEART'S HISTORY. He walked with quicker step and with a better spirit. He felt happier than before. The gloom of external things had in a measure vanished, and they appeared in all their natural pleasantness, and his heart swelled with a calm courage, and his destiny seemed more clear. Thus it is that a beautiful compensation is visible in God's severe providence; and when one affection is blasted or buried, there springs up a newer, sweeter one, sometimes from its very grave.

The youth went into the woods and began to search diligently and not without success for the plant which he had heard spoken of. He knew it by its pale flower, not unlike the violet. He pictured to himself its healing qualities, and he put the plants into the little basket with a firm confidence that they might bring back the hue of health to his mother's cheek and happiness to his home. And certainly a simpler cause than a slender flower has sometimes been sufficient to avert the shafts of death. He was very happy in this occupation, and labored until his back was weary, when perceiving that the sun was nearly down, and remembering his promise, he directed his footsteps toward home. He had proceeded a short distance, when he stopped to refresh the plants at a pure spring which bubbled up on the edge of the wood.

As he was engaged in this way, reclining idly on the turf, he was attracted by a sudden noise, and looking behind him saw four men of a rude aspect, who were unknown to him. He was not alarmed, except at the suddenness of their presence, apprehending nothing. But in an instant, before he could make any resistance or utter any cry, his mouth was closed, his arms were tightly pinioned, and he was dragged by a lonely path down to the water's edge. The ruffians then placed him in a boat which lay ready, manned the oars, and pulled rapidly from the shore. Twilight concealed the deed. He had been hurried away by a press-gang.

CHAPTER THIRD.

WHEN the evening was far advanced, and he did not return home, surprise and alarm seized on the unhappy household. What ulterior object could have detained him? He was too well acquainted with the thoroughfares to have lost his path in the woods or ignorantly to have strayed to a distance. The neighboring people were kind, and participated in the apprehension. They took lanterns and commenced a vigilant search; but they saw nothing except the flare of the lights as they streamed over chasm and ravine and rivulet, relieving the intense darkness. They stopped at intervals, making the woods ring with their shouts; the only response which they received was the echo of their own voices. The next day they renewed the search with the same success, but they found the basket filled with liverwort by the spring; and unable to trace his footsteps, they returned, and said that he must have strayed to the river and been drowned.

The night which came on was indeed gloomy in the chamber of the

dying. A storm which had been long brewing burst upon the earth with relentless fury. The large, heavy drops dashed against the panes of glass, and the heavens were incessantly lit up with sharp lightning. If the wanderer indeed lived and was in the woods, which at that time were thick and inextricable, and extended for many miles in that vicinity, what but divine power could preserve him without food or shelter through the inclement night! A child had been once bewildered in these same woods, and they were unable to discover its hiding-place, though sometimes near enough to listen to its feeble cries, until at last it was found by chance on a winter's day, lying on the ground, with berries in its hand, naked and starved and frozen.

The aged woman sat by the bed-side rocking to and fro, or with her head bent down upon her hands in agony. But her spirit was absorbed in prayer to the Father who ordereth all things in his providence; and pausing not to inquire why the innocent were afflicted, or to deprecate His rod, she begged only for sustenance, and that all things might work together for good. And it is the prayer of such which bringeth peace to the spirit, and causeth it to be lifted heavenward above the vapors of the low earth, as the fragile plant beaten down with storms looks up to salute the sun-god. When she arose from the conflict she exhibited the same serene composure which had so long glowed upon her visage, as if it came from some perpetual source. Yet not unconsonant, a tear of pure pity stole from her eye. She noticed the small basket containing the healing plants, remembering by whose hand they had been plucked, and resolving to try their virtue, singled out a few, and placed them over the fire to be boiled. But the last tribute of an affection so touchingly bestowed was vain. The sick woman arousing, demanded impatiently her absent son. They invented some tale, which little satisfied her mind, that he had gone to a distance to obtain efficacious medicines, and would soon return.

The storm howled without. At midnight, when the taper burned dimly on the hearth, and the little Mary slept in her couch as soundly and as sweetly as if there were no troubles either within or without, and only the watchers were up, a flash, a crash, blinding, appalling, burst on the very roof, and a sulphureous vapor filled the house; and rising above the winds and pelting rain without, a cry struck upon the startled ear, 'FIRE, FIRE, FIRE!' The alarm spread far and wide, and a crowd assembled, gazing astonished at the rare spectacle. The flames spread upward and burst out in every quarter, and whirled round, and irretrievably wrapt the whole house; and in the deep confusion, forth from the crackling rafters and the ashes of a once happy home a litter was hastily borne to the nearest house which offered shelter; and there many steps were passing in and out, and strange faces gazed on the dying.

It was a scene of wonder, confusion, terror. No master-spirit directed the agitated people; and on the first moment when the houseless family could reflect with calmness, they discovered that the little Mary was missing. Painful suspense reigned in their bosoms, and a messenger hastened to bring tidings; but at that moment a rough kind rustic brought in the frightened child, and she clung trembling

to the neck of her old relative. An ejaculation, a burst of thanksgiving came from the lips of the latter. Then she consigned the child to the arms of another, and turned to watch with attentive eye a fearful paroxysm of the mother. Merciful Heavens! one other such, and she would cease to live. But her spirit yet lingered a little around earth, although full plumed for heaven; and willing to impart with her lips the last kiss, and to breathe the last farewell, she murmured passionately, though with a faltering voice: 'MY SON! MY SON!—WHERE IS MY SON!'

CHAPTER FOURTH.

HE was far away over the wide, wide sea. When he had been so ruthlessly torn from his home on the evening when he had gone forth on such a worthy errand, as soon as he had recovered a little from his surprise, he became conscious by the plashing of oars and the sound of the water on the keel that he was in the hands of sea-faring men; but whither borne or for what purpose he could form no conjecture. Not a word was exchanged among the ruffian gang, but they pulled hard at the oars, and toward the river's mouth. In an hour or more they came under the dark shadows of a ship's deck, and forcing the youth to ascend a steep ladder, instantly ushered him upon scenes which were to him those of a new life. When he knew that the sails were set, and felt himself borne swiftly away, he could not tell whither, he supplicated and wept in agony, surprise, and rage. It was all futile. The breeze blew freshly, and when the morning dawned he was far from the home of his childhood and from the friends of his youth. As he looked in the direction of the dim shores, and endeavored to recall the events of the night, he could hardly trust the evidence of his senses as to what had really happened, for all appeared like a dream. As however the full reality burst upon his mind, he was ready to die with the most violent paroxysms of grief.

Days passed over him, and he learned to submit to the hard necessity of such a cruel bondage, yielding a silent, sullen obedience, and jeered at by the rude companions of his life. He went mechanically about his allotted tasks, wrapt in a sort of oblivion, except when a memory of the past flashing over his mind drove him to the very brink of madness. One day he had ascended to the mast-head, and as far as his eye could reach looked over the vast magnificent sea. It was calm and silent, and not a sail was to be descried over all the boundless expanse. Weary and sick at heart, he sought for some token of his childhood's home; and as he drew forth the withered roses whose fragrance was not all gone, by them he pledged himself that he never would forget his lost friends. Then the circumstances of his departure recurring to him, and how he had been robbed of his mother's parting blessing, and that he might never return to his native village again, but for the intervention of some good genius, he would have leaped into the sea. As he lay in his hammock, and ventured to reflect at all, the same madness and despair possessed him; and in a transport he stretched forth his hand to grasp an instrument of death, and his heart

encouraged him to commit the great crime; but a torrent of tears coming instantly to his relief removed the weight which oppressed him; and remembering at that moment the admonitions last given by one whom he had loved, and whom he never expected to behold again, he lifted up his swollen eyes and exclaimed, 'OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN!'

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THEN he fell into a tranquil repose. Wandering back to the untroubled scenes of his life, he was on the firm land, listening to the song of the birds, and to the murmuring of streams, and to the music of his native fields. The errand on which he had gone had proved successful, and there was a magical virtue in the plants he had gathered, which had restored the lost bloom to his mother's cheeks; and he saw one radiant with beauty, whose love could never change, but was reserved for him to make his life happy. All this was a sweet dream. But it did not make the morning wretched which scattered its brief illusion, but imparted a firmer courage, and seemed a welcome assurance of that which was to be. Thus Hope like a sweet singer follows us wherever we go upon earth; and though she may not deceive our vigilant hours, she leads the unguarded mind gently captive in dreams. Once as the youth looked abroad from his station, with only the sea around him and the heaven above him, as the hart panteth for the water brooks so his soul desired the word of God.

Nor was the wish which might have been considered a silent prayer unheard or ungranted. A comrade was committed solemnly to the deep. He obtained one relic found among his treasures, and on the title-page of the book was engraven 'HOLY BIBLE.' Had he left his own home a willing wanderer, such would have been the last and best gift which with the kiss of parting affection would have been bestowed; and it is hard and it is perilous to go far, far away on the long weary journeys of adventure or ambition, without this only chart, to guide to a protected haven, or to bring back the erring footsteps to the paths of innocence and peace. Weary, dejected, spirit-stricken, the youth found golden promises and a certain solace in God's Book. He made it his companion (for he found none other) at morning and at noon, and at midnight; in sunshine and in storm and in battle; and it shared his safety; and when the ship struck a coral-reef, he swam with it in triumph to the desert shore.

Years rolled over him, and the contact of the rude world had wrought its transforming influence on his character. He had armed his soul with a stern strength and resolution, and for the imbecility of youth he had exchanged the vigor and energy of manhood. During the long interval he had no tidings or missives from the home which he had never ceased to remember with tears and sadness. At last with emotions which cannot be defined (for so much of pain and doubt was mingled with a sense of pleasure) he found himself wasted toward the very haven whence he had set out. Here in terror and agony and

compulsion he had commenced his wanderings, and he could not tell what termination they might now have. He had found his country, but he knew not where to look for his home.

Nevertheless with a bounding throb he leaped upon his native shore, and leaving the busy mart, directed his swift steps by a well-remembered path into the fields. The sun was sinking low in the sky, and the summer air was sweet; and instead of the rustling of cordage and the beating of waves he heard the evening carol of the birds. How sweet the transition from the dreary immensity of ocean to the verdant limits of fields and groves! Oh! who can know, save he whose heart has sprung toward the sea, and bounded like a bird in triumph over the waste of waters, what rapture it is to visit the land once more, to witness the sweet round of the seasons, to behold the verdure of fields, the foliage of trees, and the beauty of flowers; to listen to the lowing of herds upon the hills, to the noisy gladness of the running rill, to the murmur of winds through the solemn groves, and to suspend the votive chaplet in the temple where he offers up his prayers! As he advanced upon his path, every step seemed to awaken old images, and the whole train of associations which connects the present with the past; ever bringing before him some spot remembered by romantic reveries, pleasant adventures, holiday rambles or fond partings; and familiar faces glanced by him without the well-known recognition of other years; for he was unrevealed to all by reason of a changed aspect, and durst not make any inquiries, but chose to remain a little longer in suspense.

Presently he knew by the dense monuments which were seen at a distance that he was approaching the village place of graves; and beyond it he saw through the trees the spire of a small church glittering in the last rays of the sun. Here slumbered the generations of those who were once the life of yonder hamlet. A path led transversely over the spot, and it was the daily thoroughfare of those who hoped, and many with a religious trust, at one day to partake of its quiet rest. When he approached the spot sacred to the repose of those whom he had loved, he wavered and stood still, and averted his eyes and trembled. His boyish feelings returned and impetuously swayed his whole soul. As one who gazes upon a dark seal, and puts it away from him unbroken, and anticipates all, he hesitated to read the first intelligence from home. When at last he looked toward the scene he saw an additional white stone, but only *one*, marking the place of another grave. Many reasonings passed through his mind; he was in doubt and perplexity to whom it should belong. Bending over it by the dim light of day, he deciphered the inscription. He was standing over his mother's grave. He remained there a little while, and the tears which fell from his eyes were very silent. Then he directed his steps to the cottage, and seeing nothing but a pile of stones and ashes, and some charred timbers, he sat down wearied on a large stone which used to be the old threshold.

Two young women were drawing water from the well. It was one of ancient construction. An upright trunk of an old tree stood near the spring, and where its first branches had once jutted forth a horizontal beam was pivoted, loaded at one extremity, and so the water-buckets attached to the other were easily drawn up. He longed to taste

the waters ; and rising from where he sat, and begging of them a little to alleviate his thirst, he found them sparkling and sweet as they were wont to be. Oh ! many a time had he drunk of them and been refreshed, and many a time had he looked down upon them in boyhood to see his image, and many a time had he bathed his brow in them when weary, and many a time had he given them to the way-faring man who asked for them, and that too with a spirit which makes a cup of water doubly prized. And now, while he eagerly quaffed them again, his eyes acknowledged the matchless beauty of her who gave the boon ; and as he restored the cup with no ungracious air, he inquired if those who once dwelt there with the exception of her who slumbered in the church-yard still lived, and they answered YES, and they pointed to a cottage dimly seen among the trees.

When he turned away and left them, following the directions which had been given, they whispered eagerly together for a moment, and then one of them leaving her companion sought her own home, and wildly rushed into its doors ; and when inquired of by those who could not comprehend her hurried air, she could only laugh and weep alternately.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

WHEN the returned wanderer had followed the direction of the maidens, he came in a few moments to a secluded habitation, and hovered around it in the dusk of the evening, retreating frequently from the threshold, and not knowing how to make his presence known. At last he knocked gently at the door, and a voice which he should have recognized bade him enter. He obeyed the summons, and sat down as a stranger would in the house which afforded him a casual welcome ; but his heart told him that he had found a secure resting-place ; whence, after so many storms, he need not depart again upon his troublesome journey.

Ah ! how like a pleasant picture was the scene which he beheld ! The old clock telling the flight of time in the corner ; the old Bible lying open on the polished stand ; an aged woman, blind and bent down by infirmities, listening attentively, while a beautiful child, whose ringlets fell away luxuriantly from her brow, read to her out of that book. The guest composing himself, would have affected a short concealment, but unrestrained affection wears an ill disguise. For the aged woman arose when he spoke, and her sightless eyes appeared again to beam with pleasure ; and as she took his hand in her own, she said that strange music greeted her ears, for the voice she listened to sounded marvelously like that of *her boy*. So as one detected in an unworthy act he confessed all, and joyfully wept in her embrace. Then she asked him whence he came, and he replied from over the sea.

It takes few words and but a little time to tell the story whose plot and incidents and stirring events up to its dénouement have filled up the weary interval of many years. And when we compute the total amount of all which we have done and suffered, how doth it dwindle

down to a small reckoning. We toil and bustle, and struggle and labor through many a day — and one page suffices to declare the whole! How happily the moments flew beneath the humble roof in listening to the mutual story! And the youth found that prayers had never ceased to ascend for him from one faithful heart, and perchance they had reached Heaven, and were answered at the very moment when he would have despaired. Thus it is that one rushes in some passionate hour to the crisis of his fate, and trembles, while in another clime the taper burns in the obscure chamber, and the prayer goes up which lets loose the guardian angel to stay the guilty hand.

Rumor, which is ever busy, flew over the little neighborhood, and groups of the aged and the young waited not for a better opportunity to gaze upon the lost found. Kindly intrusive, they mingled their tears, and embraces, and exclamations, and eager questions, with those of the small household, and could with difficulty believe the truth. The young man missed indeed the greeting of some who would have given him no less warm a welcome; for it is to be hoped that they had gone whither there is no such thing as partings. But he pressed alone, beneath the holy light of even, the hand which had given him the water to drink at the spring; and that night, beneath the trysting-willow, he kissed the brow which for so many waning moons had been gathering paleness.

A year passed over from the date of these events, and then another aspect presented itself in the youth's dream of life. The church-going bell sounded solemnly, and the long procession winding through the green lanes and alleys paused at the ready-made grave, and ashes were committed to ashes again, and dust to dust. We acknowledge the just debt of nature when the old depart, and brush away the tears which are as bright and sparkling as for the young, not to recur to them again. As well might we weep when the glorious sun sinks down in the sky at evening, or when any glowing light is quenched in darkness, or when flowers having finished their beautiful career drop their petals to the earth, or when the leaves wither and die at autumn, or when the wheat-crop is mowed down by the sickle, golden and fully ripe. And it is better for them, after having smiled with those who have smiled and wept with those who have wept, and passed through all life's checkered scenes and acquitted them of all its duties, and borne all its trials and heroically contended with its powers of evil, to lie down and sleep with patient waiting in the grave!

When the youth returned from paying the last tribute to the old, and passed by his native cottage, he saw it still in ruins, and resolved to rescue the place from long neglect. So ere long he ordered the rubbish to be cleared away, and a new cottage arose from the ashes, and became the abode of hospitality. And its precincts were as sweet and as verdant as ever, and the neglected plants took root and flourished again; and bright faces gathered around the hearth; while, equal to any fortune, he who had been so severely schooled in the past learned not to despair of the future; but burying all his griefs and forgetting all his sorrows in the bosom of his young wife, he experienced once more, and with tears of gratitude, WHAT IT IS TO BE HAPPY.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

THE ESCAPE.

THE night after the rescue of the passengers and crew of the brig was to me a restless one. I could not sleep. Hour after hour I lay in my hammock eagerly courting repose, but unable to find it, for the images of the past crowded on my brain, and kept me in a feverish excitement that drove slumber from my pillow. My thoughts were of my boyhood,—of Pomfret Hall,—of my early schoolmate—and of his little seraph-like sister, Annette. I was back once more in the sunny past. Friends whom I had long forgotten,—scenes which had become strangers to me,—faces which I once knew but which had faded from my memory, came thronging back upon me, as if by some magic impulse, until I seemed to be once more shouting by the brookside, galloping over the hills, or singing at the side of sweet little Annette at Pomfret Hall.

I was the son of a decayed family. My parents lived in honorable poverty. But, though reduced in fortune, they had lost none of the spirit of their ancestors. Their ambition was to see their son a gentleman, a man of education. I had accordingly been early put to school, preparatory to a college education. Here I met with a youth of my own age, a proud, high-spirited, generous boy, Stanhope St. Clair. He was the heir of a wealthy and ancient family, whose residence, not far from Boston, combined baronial splendor with classic taste. We formed a fast friendship. He was a year or two my senior, and being stronger than myself, became my protector in our various school frays; this united me to him by the tie of gratitude. During the vacation I spent a month at his house; here I met his little sister, a sweet tempered innocent fairy, some four or five years my junior. Even at that early age I experienced emotions towards her which I am even now wholly unable to analyze, but they came nearer the sentiment of love than any other feeling. She was so beautiful and sweet-tempered, so innocent and frank, so bright, and sunny, and smiling, so infinitely superior to those of her age and sex I had been in the habit of associating with, that I soon learned to look on her with sentiments approaching to adoration. Yet I felt no reserve in her society. Her frankness made me perfectly at home. We played, sung and laughed together, as if life had nothing for us but sunshine and joy. How often did those old woods, the quaintly carved hall, the green and smiling lawn ring with

our gladsome merriment. We studied, too, together; and as I sat playfully at her feet, looking now on her book and now in her eyes, while her long silken tresses undulated in the breeze and frolicked over my face, I experienced sensations of strange pleasure unlike anything I had ever experienced. At length the time came when I was to leave this Eden. I remember how desolate I felt on that day, but how from pride in my sex I struggled to hide my emotions. Annette made no attempt to conceal her sorrow. She flung herself into my arms and wept long and bitterly. It was the grief of a child, but it filled my heart with sunshine, and dwelt in my memory for years.

I returned to school, but my playmate was always in my thoughts. In dream or awake, at my tasks or in play, loitering under the forest trees or wandering by the stream, in the noisy tumult of day or musing in the silent moonshine, the vision of that light-hearted and beauteous girl was ever present to my imagination. It may seem strange that such emotions should occupy the mind of a mere boy; but so it was. At length, however, St. Clair took sick, and died. How bitter was my grief at this event. It was the first thing that taught me what real sorrow was. This occurrence broke up my intimacy with the St. Clair family, for, young as I was, I could perceive that my presence would be a pain to the family, by continually reminding them of their lost boy. I never therefore visited Pomfret Hall again,—but often would I linger in its vicinity hoping to catch a glance of Annette. But I was unsuccessful. I never saw her again. Our spheres of life were immeasurably separated, the circles in which she moved knew me not. We had no friends in common, and therefore no medium of communication. God knew whether she thought of me. Her parents, though kind, had always acted towards me as if an impassable barrier existed betwixt the haughty St. Clairs and the beggared Cavendish, and now that their son was no more they doubtless had forgotten me. Such thoughts filled my mind as I grew up. The busy avocations of life interfered, my father died and left me penniless, and, to ensure a subsistence for my mother and myself, I went to sea. The dreams of my youth had long since given way to the sad realities of life,—and of all the sunny memories of childhood but one remained. That memory was of Annette.

It is a common saying that the love of a man is but an episode, while that of a woman is the whole story

of life, nor is it my purpose to gainsay the remark. The wear and tear of toil, the stern conflict with the world, the ever changing excitements which occupy him,—war, craft, ambition,—these are sufficient reasons why love can never become the sole passion of the stronger sex. But, though the saying is in general true, it has one exception. The first love of a man is never forgotten. It is through weal and woe the bright spot in his heart. Old men, whose bosoms have been seared by seventy years conflict with the world, have been known to weep at the recollection of their early love. The tone of a voice, the beam of an eye,—a look, a smile, a footstep may bring up to the mind the memory of her whom we worshipped in youth, and, like the rod of Moses, sunder the flinty rock, bring tears gushing from the long silent fountains of the heart. Nor has any after passion the purity of our first love. If there is anything that links us to the angels, it is the affection of our youth. It purifies and exalts the heart—it fills the soul with visions of the bright and beautiful—it makes us scorn littleness, and aspire after noble deeds. Point me out one who thus loves, and I will point you out one who is incapable of a mean action. Such was the effect which my sentiments for Annette had upon me. I saw her not, it is true,—but she was ever present to my fancy. I pictured continually to myself the approbation she would bestow on my conduct, and I shrunk even from entertaining an ignoble thought. I knew that in all probability we should never meet, but I thirsted to acquire renown, to do some act which might reach her ears. I loved without hope, but not the less fervently. A beggar might love a Princess, as a Paladin of old looked up to his mistress, as an Indian worshipper adored the sun, I loved, looked up to, and adored Annette. What little of fame I had won was through her instrumentality. And now I had met her, had been her preserver. As I lay in my hammock the memory of these things came rushing through my mind, and emotions of bewilderment, joy, and gratitude, prevented me from sleep.

I had seen Annette only for a moment, as the fatigue they had endured, had confined herself and companion to the cabin, during the day. How should we meet on the morrow? My heart thrilled at the recollection of her delighted recognition—would she greet me with the same joy when we met again? How would her father receive me? A thousand such thoughts rushed through my brain, and kept me long awake—and when at length I fell into a troubled sleep, it was to dream of Annette.

When I awoke, the morning watch was being called, and springing from my hammock I was soon at my post on deck. The sky was clear, the waves had gone down, and a gentle breeze was singing through the rigging. To have gazed around on the almost unruffled sea one would never have imagined the fury with which it had raged scarcely forty-eight hours before.

Early in the day Mr. St. Clair appeared on deck, and his first words were to renew his thanks to me of the day before. He alluded delicately to past

times, and reproved me gently for having suffered the intimacy betwixt me and his family to decline. He concluded by hoping that, in future, our friendship—for such he called it—would suffer no diminution.

I was attending, after breakfast, to the execution of an order forwards, when, on turning my eyes aft, I saw the flutter of a woman's dress. My heart told me it was that of Annette, and, at the instant, she turned around. Our eyes met. Her smile of recognition was even sweeter than that of the day before. I bowed, but could not leave my duty, else I should have flown to her side. It is strange what emotions her smile awakened in my bosom. I could scarcely attend to the execution of my orders, so wildly did my brain whirl with feelings of extatic joy. At length my duty was performed. But then a new emotion seized me. I wished and yet I feared to join Annette. But I mustered courage to go aft, and no sooner had I reached the quarterdeck, than Mr. St. Clair beckoned me to his side.

"Annette," he said, "has scarcely yet given you her thanks. She has not forgotten you, indeed she was the first to recognise you yesterday. You remember, love, don't you?" he said, turning to his daughter, "the summer Mr. Cavendish spent with us at the Hall. It was you, I believe, who shed so many tears at his departure."

He said this gayly, but it called the color into his daughter's cheek. Perhaps he noticed this, for he instantly resumed in a different tone:

"But see, Annette, here comes the captain, and I suppose you would take a turn on the quarterdeck. Your cousin will accompany him,—Mr. Cavendish must be your *chaperon*."

The demeanor of Mr. St. Clair perplexed me. Could it be that he saw my love for his daughter and was willing to countenance my suit? The idea was preposterous, as a moment's reflection satisfied me. I knew too well his haughty notions of the importance of his family. My common sense taught me that he never had entertained the idea of my aspiring to his daughter's hand—that he would look on such a thing as madness—and his conduct was dictated merely by a desire to show his gratitude and that of his daughter to me. These thoughts passed through my mind while he was speaking, and when he closed, and I offered to escort his daughter, I almost drew a sigh at the immeasurable distance which separated me from Annette. Prudence would have dictated that I should avoid the society of one whom I was beginning to love so unreservedly, but who was above my reach. Yet who has ever flown from the side of the one he adores, however hopeless his suit, provided she did not herself repel him? Besides, I could not, without rudeness, decline the office which Mr. St. Clair thrust upon me. I obeyed his task, but I felt that my heart beat faster when Annette's taper finger was laid on my arm. How shall I describe the sweetness and modesty with which Annette thanked me for the service which I had been enabled to do her father and herself—how to picture the delicacy with which she alluded to our childhood, recalling the bright hours we had spent together by the little

brook, under the old trees, or in the rich wainscoted apartments of Pomfret Hall! My heart fluttered as she called up these memories of the past. I dwelt in return on the pleasure I had experienced in that short visit, until her eye kindled and her cheek crimsoned at my enthusiasm. She looked down on the deck, and it was not till I passed to another theme that she raised her eyes again. Yet she did not seem to have been displeased at what I had said. On the contrary it appeared to be her delight to dwell with innocent frankness on the pleasure she had experienced in that short visit. The pleasure of that half hour's promenade yet lives green and fresh in my memory.

We were still conversing when my attention was called away by the cry of the look-out that a sail was to be seen to windward. Instantly every eye was turned over the weather-beam, for she was the first sail that had been reported since the gale. An officer seized a glass, and, hurrying to the mast-head, reported that the stranger was considered a heavy craft, although, as yet, nothing but his royals could be seen. As we were beating up to windward and the stranger was coming free towards us, the distance betwixt the two vessels rapidly decreased, so that in a short time the upper sails of the stranger could be distinctly seen from the deck. His topgallant-yards were now plainly visible from the cross-trees, and the officer aloft reported that the stranger was either a heavy merchantman or a frigate. This increased the excitement on deck, for we knew that there were no vessels of that grade in our navy, and if the approaching sail should prove to be a man-of-war and an Englishman, our chances of escape would be light, as he had the weather-gauge of us, and appeared, from the velocity with which he approached us, to be a fast sailer. The officers crowded on the quarter-deck, the crew thronged every favorable point for a look-out, and the ladies, gathering around Mr. St. Clair and myself, gazed out as eagerly as ourselves in the direction of the stranger. At length her topsails began to lift.

"Ha!" said the captain, "he has an enormous swing—what think you of him, Mr. Massey?" he asked, shutting the glass violently, and handing it to his lieutenant.

The officer addressed took the telescope and gazed for a minute on the stranger.

"I know that craft," he said energetically, "she is a heavy frigate,—the Ajax,—I served in her some eight years since. I know her by the peculiar lift of her top-sails."

"Ah!" said the captain; "you are sure," he continued, examining her through his glass again; "she does indeed seem a heavy craft and we have but one chance—we should surely fight her?"

"If you ask me," said the lieutenant, "I say no!—why that craft can blow us out of the water in a couple of broadsides; she throws a weight of metal treble our own."

"Then there is but one thing to do—we must wear, and take to our heels—a stern chase is proverbially a long one"

During this conversation not a word had been spoken in our group; but I had noticed that when the lieutenant revealed the strength of the foe, the cheek of Annette for a moment grew pale. Her emotion however continued but a moment. And when our ship had been wore, and we were careering before the wind, her demeanor betrayed none of that nervousness which characterized her cousin.

"Can they overtake us Mr. Cavendish?" said her companion. "Oh! what a treacherous thing the sea is. Here we were returning only from Charleston to Boston, yet shipwrecked and almost lost,—and now pursued by an enemy and perhaps destined to be captured."

"Fear not! sweet coz," laughingly said Annette, "Mr. Cavendish would scarcely admit that any ship afloat could outsail THE ARROW, and you see what a start we have in the race. Besides, you heard Captain Smythe just now say, that, when night came, he hoped to be able to drop the enemy altogether. Are they pursuing us yet Mr. Cavendish?"

"Oh! yes, they have been throwing out their light sails for the last quarter of an hour—see there go some more of their kites."

"But will not we also spread more canvass?"

I was saved the necessity of a reply by an order from the officer of the deck to spread our studding-sails, and duty called me away. I left the ladies in the charge of Mr. St. Clair, and hurried to my post. For the next half hour I was so occupied that I had little opportunity to think of Annette, and indeed the most of my time was spent below in superintending the work of the men. When I returned on deck the chase was progressing with vigor, and it was very evident that THE ARROW, though a fast sailer, was hard pressed. Every stitch of canvass that could be made to draw was spread, but the stranger astern had, notwithstanding, considerably increased on the horizon since I left the deck. The officers were beginning to exchange ominous looks, and the faces of our passengers wore an anxious expression. One or two of the older members of the crew were squinting suspiciously at the stranger. The captain however wore his usual open front, but a close observer might have noticed that my superior glanced every moment at the pursuer, and then ran his eye as if unconsciously up our canvass. At this moment the cry of a sail rang down from the mast-head, startling us as if we had heard a voice from the dead, for so intense had been the interest with which we had regarded our pursuer that not an eye gazed in any direction except astern. The captain looked quickly around the horizon, and hailing the look-out, shouted

"Whereaway?"

"On the starboard-bow."

"What does he look like," continued Captain Smythe to me, for I had taken the glass at once and was now far on my way to the cross-trees.

"He seems a craft about as heavy as our own."

"How now?" asked the captain, when sufficient space had elapsed to allow the topsails of the new visiter to be seen.

"She has the jaunty cut of a corvette!" I replied.

A short space of time—a delay of breathless interest—sufficed to betray the character of the ship ahead. She proved, as I had expected, a corvette. Nor were we long left in doubt as to her flag, for the red field of St. George shot up to her gaff, and a cannon ball ricochetting across the waves, plumped into the sea a few fathoms ahead of our bow. For a moment we looked at each other in dismay at this new danger. We saw that we were beset. A powerful foe was coming up with us hand over hand astern, and a craft fully our equal was heading us off. Escape seemed impossible. The ladies, who still kept the deck, turned pale and clung closer to their protector's arm. The crew were gloomy. The officers looked perplexed. But the imperturbable calm of the captain suffered no diminution. He had already ordered the crew to their quarters, and the decks were now strewn with preparations for the strife.

"We will fight him," he said; "we will cripple or sink him, and then keep on our way. But let not a shot be fired until I give the order. Steady, quartermaster, steady."

By this time I had descended to the deck, ready to take my post at quarters. The ladies still kept the deck, but the captain's eye happening to fall on them, the stern expression of his countenance gave way to one of a milder character, and, approaching them, he said,

"I am afraid, my dear Miss St. Clair, that this will soon be no place for you or your fair companion. Allow me to send you to a place of safety. Ah! here is Mr. Cavendish, he will conduct you below."

"Oh! Mr. Cavendish," said Isabel, with a tremulous voice, "is there any chance of escape?"

Annette did not speak, but she looked up into my face with an anxious expression, while the color went and came in her cheek. My answer was a confident assertion of victory, although, God knows, I scarcely dared to entertain the hope of such a result. It reassured my fair companions, however, and I thought that the eyes of Annette at least expressed the gratitude which did not find vent in words.

"We will not forget you in our prayers," said Isabel, as I prepared to reascend to the deck, "farewell—may—may we meet again!" and she extended her hand.

"God bless you and our other defenders," said Annette. She would have added more, but her voice lost its firmness. She could only extend her hand. I grasped it, pressed it betwixt both of mine, and then tore myself away. As I turned from them, I thought I heard a sob. I know that a tear-drop was on that delicate hand when I pressed it in my own.

When I reached the deck, I found Mr. St. Clair already at his post, for he had volunteered to aid in the approaching combat. Nor was that combat long delayed. We were now close on to the corvette, but yet not a shot had been fired from our batteries, although the enemy was beginning a rapid and furious cannonade, under which our brave tars chafed like chained lions. Many a tanned and sun-browned veteran glared fiercely on the foe, and even

looked curiously and doubtfully on his officers, as the balls of the corvette came hustling rapidly and more rapidly towards us, and when at length a shot dismounted one of our carriages and laid four of our brave fellows dead on the deck, the excitement of the men became almost uncontrollable. At this instant, however, the corvette yawed, bore up, and ran off with the wind on his quarter. Quick as lightning Captain Smythe availed himself of the bravado.

"Lay her alongside, quartermaster," he thundered.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the old water-rat, and during a few breathless moments of suspense we crowded silently after the corvette. That suspense, however, was of short duration. We were now on the quarter of the enemy. The captain paused no longer, but waving his sword, he shouted "FIRE," and simultaneously our broadside was poured in, like a hurricane of fire, on the foe. Nor during ten minutes was there any intermission in our fire. The combat was terrific. The men jerked out their pieces like playthings, and we could soon hear over even the din of the conflict, the crashing of the enemy's hull and the falling of his spars. The rapidity and certainty of our fire meanwhile seemed to have paralysed the foe, for his broadsides were delivered with little of the fury which we had been led to expect. His foremast at length went by the board. The silence of our crew was now first broken, and a deafening huzza rose up from them, shaking the very welkin with the uproar.

"Another broadside, my brave fellows," said Captain Smythe, "and then lay aloft and crowd all sail—I think she'll hardly pursue us."

"Huzza, boys, pour it into her," shouted a grim visaged captain of a gun, "give her a parting shake, huzza!"

Like a volcano in its might—like an earthquake reeling by—sped that fearful broadside on its errand. We did not pause to see what damage we had done, but while the ship yet quivered with the discharge the men sprang aloft, and before the smoke had rolled away from the decks our canvass was once more straining in the breeze and we were rapidly leaving our late enemy. When the prospect cleared up we could see her lying a hopeless wreck astern. The frigate which, during the conflict, had drawn close upon us, was now sending her shots like hail-stones over us, but when she came abreast of her consort she was forced to stop, as our late foe by this time had hung out a signal of distress. We could see that boats, laden with human beings, were putting off from the corvette to the frigate, which proved that our late antagonist was in a sinking condition. Before an hour she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

I was the first one to hurry below and relieve the suspense of Annette and her cousin by apprising them of our success. A few hours repaired the damage we had sustained, and before night-fall the frigate was out of sight astern. So ended our first conflict with our enemy.

JULIA,

AN EPISODE IN A CLERGYMAN'S HISTORY.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF LA FONTAINE.

I AM now come—said a grave German divine to a party of friends after dinner,—I am now come to that part of my autobiography which I think I promised to relate to you. It is a foolish affair, but it may serve to edify my young and entertain my old friends, and so you are quite welcome to it. I should be unwilling, he continued, relaxing into a good-humored smile, to mingle the image of any sensible and good girl with that of the lady I am going to describe; but her portrait will appear very well as a contrast to that so beautifully exhibited by most of our lovely countrywomen. Though I smile, it was a serious matter enough at the time, for it absorbed twelve long calendar months of my existence—valuable time, gentlemen, that I might have turned to a better account. Yet I dare venture to say, that were all reverend professors as candid as I am about to be, they would hardly make out so good a story for themselves, while they perhaps have lost a great deal more of their time in the same way—less devoted to the study of the “sublime than of the beautiful.”

Julia G. was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, of a somewhat eccentric character. He had the misfortune to lose his wife in giving birth to this, an only daughter; and, in a fit of spleen, he sought consolation in pursuits of science, instead of charity and religion, as he ought doubtless to have done. He had also two sons; but he troubled himself very little about their education, while he left that of their younger sister to an artful governess. As they grew up, he contented himself with settling upon them a handsome sum for their annual expenditure, and returned to his scientific experiments with redoubled zest.

On their return from college, these young men, finding they had a good deal of their own way, and too successfully assisted by their sister Julia and her cunning governess, who entertained an idea of exchanging her office for that of step-mother, gradually drew a little world of frivolity and dissipation around them.—For reasons best known to himself, their father never interfered; and their house soon became at once a theatre, a ball-room, and a faro-bank for the society in which they moved. The attractive centre of these pleasures was the young and fascinating Julia. To all the charms of the most exquisite face and figure, she added those of a lively genius, and bold commanding character. The accomplished pupil of the most artful tutress in female influence and attractions, she deceived many a fashionable and libertine character, who had at first singled her out only as an easy prey. From her earliest childhood she had been too well accustomed to hear the voice of flattery, and heard and read too much of the language of love, to think of exchanging for the latter her real influence, and the power she used over her own and the other sex. Having thus determined to sacrifice her sensibility to her vanity, as the pleasantest and safest course, she received the flattering idolatry of her lovers as an extorted tribute to her charms; and made it her glory to inspire the deepest passion, without ever dreaming of granting a return:

And many deem'd her heart was won,
But sought by numbers, given to none,
Had young Francesca's hand remain'd
Still by the Church's bonds unchain'd.

Siege of Corinth.

Thus she soon became one of the most finished and dangerous kind of coquettes in the world; and by degrees her heart was effectually hardened to sustain its part.

Not a touch of real sympathy ever reached her, though she could affect it to admiration,—seem moved to the soul at the language of true passion, and play upon the brink of the precipice, always mistress of herself.

With clear unruffled brow daring the utmost limits of propriety, and beautiful at nineteen as an angel, she reigned with unquestioned sway in every party where she deigned to appear. In the society of her brothers and their friends, she disposed of every one as she pleased, and admitted all upon the same terms of unqualified submission. To her, their moments of envy, jealousy, and tormented love, were those of pride and triumph. Her appetite, too, seemed to “increase by what it fed on,” and she grew quite insatiable in her thirst for flattery and applause. Her snares were set with a degree of cunning and art that deceived even the oldest and most experienced eyes; and she could ring the various changes of the passions with that skill and certainty which only early lessons, united to a natural genius, and ambition of success can teach. She could appear piqued or mild, severe or compassionate, bold or timid, simple or adroit, romantic and heroic, or soft and domestic, just as suited her views. Oh yes! she would talk “divine philosophy” with her more reasonable and serious lovers; affect good-humour with the light-hearted and the gay; she was most amiable and engaging to rich old dowagers and bachelors; played with infantine folly with the young; and wept such tears with the tender and the kind “as took their prisoned souls, and lapt them in Elysium.” The finest shades of character did not escape her eye; and she required but a short time to study the surest mode in which every new victim was to be enthralled. Her reputation, indeed, suffered considerably, though not in the eyes of the enchanted society in which she moved.—Envy and malice were loud in their hostility, while the undoubtedly good and virtuous remained silent and at a

distance, as soon as they suspected the cheat.

Not satisfied with confining her conquests of the younger of our sex, she brought around her men of all dispositions, ages and tastes. What was still more difficult, she very frequently succeeded in winning the good opinion of the women, by restoring to them a portion of that flattery she had monopolized from their fathers, their husbands or their brothers. In spite of all suspicious warnings, she soon received numerous offers of marriage from men of the highest rank; but she rejected them all for a season, while she contrived, at the same time, to preserve their admiration. Thus she was never known to give “freedom to a slave,” but daily added to their number by fresh arrivals at the scene of attraction. Reserving for the close of her career a splendid union with wealth and rank, her friends thought she had fixed the fascination of her eyes upon the young Count Klenau; but she knew he depended upon his aged father, who entertained the utmost veneration for the dignity “of his order:” so she held him in play, flattering him with a prospect which spell-bound him, hand and foot, at the side of his fair enchantress. He might have said with the reveller Comus, in Milton, under awe of the lady’s charms:

She fables not; I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
..... a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o’er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder.

So intoxicated was he with the power of the charm administered!

One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams!—Be wise and taste.

No one had ever yet appeared with sufficient fortitude to resist the offer, and her vanity had as yet received no check. The fame of her “exceeding beauty,” and fascinating manners, at last even reached *my* ears, as I sat pondering over a huge tome of philosophy. I ridiculed the enthusiasm of the young fools, who bruited her charms throughout the fashionable world,

and concluded with the wiser portion of the public, that it was nothing but the effect of frivolity and affectation.

One day a particular friend of mine acquainted me that he had a commission from the lips of "beauty herself," to come and do homage at her shrine, "as she delights in the company of modest young clergymen, like you!" More out of idle curiosity than from any fears or wishes on the subject, I went. Let us see this miracle of a fair complexion, blue-eyes, and delicate shape. Surely I have only to imagine what she will be about twenty years hence, when every dimple will be turned into a line, to brave the danger, and safely. Yes, safe enough:

For all that beauty—all that wealth e'er gave
Shall meet alike th' inevitable doom.

On entering, thus armed at heart, the splendid saloon, I found her surrounded by her votaries of both sexes, though with a vast majority of our own, listening to and gazing on their young queen of beauty and delight. On the name of a new victim being announced, the crowd on the side nearest me opened and fell back, and she advanced to receive me with "her own peculiar grace;" she spoke kindly and almost affectionately to me, recommending me to the attention of her brothers. I must confess she appeared to great advantage that evening. However attentive to the company, I frequently surprised her eyes timidly turned upon mine—when she instantly withdrew them in soft confusion. This led me to watch her more intently, determined to discover some of the secrets of her art; but she only threw as it were an appealing glance in return, as if my eyes seemed to oppress hers. When I happened to speak, she immediately interrupted the conversation, directing her attention towards me, requesting my opinion, and sometimes adopting it, with the simplicity and docility of a child. She renewed the conversation from the hints I occasionally threw out, and seemed grateful for the assistance, as if I meant it out of kindness towards her, rather than

with a view of exhibiting myself. When I took leave, I observed a slight shade of sorrow cloud her brow and linger on her features till I had left the house. Returning suddenly into the room, in search of something I had left, (my heart, I suppose,) I found her still standing, quite thoughtful, where I left her,—and then "she started like a guilty thing," as if she had been caught thinking of the person she saw.

There never was the least necessity, on the part of my friend, for a second invitation. Naturally timid, I never had been so much at my ease in any society, and had never received such delicate encouragement from a woman before, teaching me to rely upon and to do justice to myself. I thought I only wanted confidence to become amiable, and felt grateful to her at my very heart.

I saw her as I passed her windows the next day, and she seemed to colour deeply as she recognised me, and, as if in too much pleasing confusion to return my bow.

In about a week I again went to her house; and she received me with blushing pleasure and more timidity than the last time. There was less company there, and we engaged in conversation in a manner to display our various tastes and resources in a freer way than we had before done. She inquired about my native place, my studies, and, indeed, all that she thought most likely to interest a young man of my age. Her countenance, which I still narrowly watched, betrayed only a marked interest and pleasure in the subject: it varied with so much apparent ingenuousness and natural modesty as I spoke! Her lips, her eyes, her blushes seemed to vary and follow the speaker, according to the nature of the different sentiments and opinions we discussed. I had this day full time to study the exquisite mould in which her whole form was cast: her limbs, like her features, appeared all elegantly and fully correct and harmonious. You could ask for nothing to be added or to be taken away,—nor, I believe, would the

most fastidious sculptor, in the minutest or most general points, have made exception to them for a model. Her face seemed "to breathe of love," and her whole person, and every separate motion "eloquent with life."

I think I can now see her white, round, and somewhat full arm resting upon the window, and feel the delicious pressure of that hand, when sometimes interrupting me, she laid it upon mine. The easy grace of her slightest actions, and the expression of her countenance, varying with every shade of thought and feeling, were a perfect imitation of "the finest truth and nature" in the world. When a thought or action more than commonly fine, either of enthusiasm, of friendship, or of love, lightened up her features, there could be nothing more perfectly beautiful than they were. Then she would often revert to scenes of her childhood, and to the delight she took in playing in the open fields when she lived in the country, and asked me whether I should like such a life as well as living at college? On joining warmly in her feelings, her pleasure and her emotion seemed to augment. "They are indeed happy who know *truly* how to enjoy the country;" and she rested her pretty hand mournfully on her cheek, and seemed to restrain a tear that was starting to her eyes;—but she did not succeed, for I imagined I felt it drop on my hand, and she said—"Then if you are fond of the country, you must delight in poetry, too: a taste for both is surely the same." I was obliged to confess I did; and I observed that soon after, under various pretexts, she contrived to dispense with the rest of the company, and we were left alone. "Heaven be praised," she said, with a sigh; "I thought they would have stayed for ever! Now," she then continued, "if you love poetry and the country, and passed so many of your boyish days there, I am sure, if you will be sincere, you will confess that you must have written poetry, too; how much I would give to hear some! There is not one

among all whom I have hitherto known, who has real *feeling enough* to write a line." "I have been told you flattered men, Julia, and I believe it now." "Do I!—then punish me for it in the way I must least wish: say nothing agreeable or gratifying to *me* in return; but let me hear something about yourself: repeat me something wild and sorrowful about your old haunts in the country—the scenes amidst which you were born. Oh, surely you will not, you cannot refuse me," she said; and I was literally obliged to assent. "You have surely revisited the place of your birth some time, and written some pretty lines To my Home." "To my Home, then, it shall be, since it pleases you," I answered, repeating whatever came most easily into my recollection.

TO MY HOME.

Among my native hills once more,
With beating breast and tearful eye,
I seek the scenes so loved before—
Its streams and woods and sunny sky.
For here, in your sweet solitude,
Rapt sorrowing thought is fond to brood
O'er the dear relics of the past:
The form of passing things decays,
And visions of my earlier days
Throng o'er my feelings fast.

I know this green path through the wood—
The field in which I gather'd flowers;
And here the widow's cottage stood,
Where oft I sat the winter hours,
Listening wild stories of the dead
That village maids had heard with dread;
And started at the falling leaves,
As homeward from yon school I came:
But nothing now I see the same!
(The troubled exile grieves)

Hail to the spot where rose my home!—
A ruin and a solitude!
Where are the voices that should come
To greet me in a joyous mood?
Cold, cold: I feel I am alone;
My name and blood no others own,—
A Stranger on this social earth.
Then let me on my pilgrim's way;
For here I feel I may not stay
To witness others' mirth.

I repeated other lines that I most felt; and reflecting on my orphan and desolate state, and the truth of the sentiments I had betrayed, nearly overpowered me. I rose in some confusion to take leave of her, but she gently laid her hand upon my

arm, as if to detain me. She did not speak for some moments ; but rapid and varying emotions chased each other over her beautiful features. " No you shall not leave me thus, with such feelings and such talents,— I shall not let you so easily off. Besides I do not feel quite well," she said, putting her hand to her forehead—" and I must have my mind interested and amused. Do, do recite me a few pieces more, and be seated, I pray : " and we renewed our delicious conversation on the pleasures of the imagination, of solitude, the charms of nature, and of friendship, and of all that enthusiastic minds adore. She spoke with excessive warmth, but with an innocence and touching simplicity I could not sufficiently admire. " I have so often felt what you have described," she continued ; " but never knew how to express it ; and I have always ardently desired to realize the sweet description you gave me of the country ; if, indeed, one might pass one's life there with some one of similar tastes. I——(but here she stopt in some confusion.) I mean—I think we ought to say freely, what the foolish world would have us to conceal. Have I a thought I could wish to hide from such as you ? and why should I not talk to you like a rational creature, because I am a girl, and like one of your nearest and dearest college friends ? That is what I mean ! " I gazed upon her with absolute rapture ! " No ; no, this is no acting, I am sure. You are no woman : you are an angel—the orphan's protecting angel : none ever spoke—none ever cared—and none were ever kind to me as you have been. Oh, Julia ! " and I took her hand, covering it with my kisses and my tears. There was much of love, but more of profound respect in what I did. She drew her hand back, but not before I felt the pressure of hers, and retired, trembling and blushing, a few steps. Far from daring to follow her, I drew back in pain, fearful for what I had done. She still complained of a violent headache, and asked me if I could advise her what to do for it. I told her I had

heard that binding the temples very firmly was likely to give relief. She put her fair hands over her forehead to press it, and then laughed at her own little girlish strength. I now proposed to assist her, and with the utmost simplicity she bent forward her lovely head, while I placed both my hands upon her temples, and for the first time felt my heart throb with a crowd of new and delicious feelings. That heart was, indeed, more strongly pressed than the charming forehead which I now held with so much delight. My emotion was so great that I felt it a relief when Julia drew back, and disengaged herself from my hands, saying—" Oh, it does me no good ! " I then advised her to try a wet bandage round her head. " Do you think it will do me any good ? " she said, with a smile full of sweetness and gratitude. She took a white handkerchief, dipped into cold water, and begged me to bind it round her temples,— " for I should like to be made well by you. " We managed it in such a way, that the bandage completely concealed her eyes, and I thought it difficult to say whether she looked most like the picture of love or innocence. She looked gentle as an angel, suffering pain with such a saint-like sweetness, that it seemed to throw a fresh charm around her being. The expression of her features was so perfect, that—

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,—
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,—
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent :
A mind at peace with all below ;
A heart whose love is innocent.

I stood exactly in the same attitude, as after I had bound the handkerchief around her brows. I think she must have heard the throbbing of my heart, as scarcely knowing what I did, I now hung over her, and should have clasped her the next moment in my arms, when she tore the ban-

bage from her eyes, and throwing back her hand, she said, laughing, that "she felt herself much better now." She did not seem to notice my excessive emotion, but as soon as ever she had recovered her bright eyes, I became as timid and distant as usual.

It was I who wore the bandage over my eyes, which I could not so easily tear away. Nor could I tear myself from the spot on which I stood : I who was so eager to depart before. I looked—I lingered ; but she saw I could not leave her. It was now very late,—and though she seemed to wish it,—she hinted no word of my retiring ; till at last half laughing she began :—

It is the hour when from the boughs,
The nightingale's high note is heard :

and she looked hesitatingly, yet maliciously, towards the door. "May I go on?" I cried, as I whispered timidly in her ear ; "recollect, too,

It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word ;"

and seizing her hand, I was about to fall at her feet. "No, no, no,"—she uttered, apparently half frightened—"you are mad ; and, besides, I must say that beautiful passage through :

And gentle winds and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet ;
And in the sky the stars are met ;
And on the wave is deeper blue—
And on the leaf a browner hue ;
And in the heaven that clear obscure,—
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Do you admire the poetry of the reigning prince of all English poets?"—Before I could give my rapturous applause, and lead her back to the subject we had dropped, we were interrupted, and I took my leave the—most enslaved of fools.

The mighty tomes of the Fathers, and all my college books and exercises, were now thrown aside ; and Goëthe and Wieland, and Moore and Byron, became favorites of my pillow and of my desk. When asleep I dreamed,—and when awake I thought of her—always with the most

ardent passion, and the belief of its being returned. Every moment of the day I could contrive to steal, I was evermore at her side. Her emotion was no less visible than my own whenever we met ; downcast eyes when they encountered mine—but which followed me wherever I moved ; broken and involuntary words when I addressed her ; and blushing rosy red, if we were observed. The triumph of her art consisted in that perfect imitation of the truth of nature, which only the finest and most experienced artists can express.

I waited impatiently for the moment when we should be again left to ourselves, when I felt convinced that my tears of rapture and of truth would obtain an easy victory over my most formidable rivals. But I found a private interview extremely difficult ; she was continually surrounded by a crowd of admirers ; and when I lingered till after the last visiter, brothers, servants, and excuses, &c. still opposed my design.

One evening I determined, since I could not obtain a private meeting, to watch her conduct towards my rivals, with all that keenness, mingled with fear and trembling, that jealous love inspires. Nay, I was resolved, if I saw any thing that displeased me, to accuse her that very evening to her face. They all seemed too happy, I thought, for men who sat by her without hope of obtaining her love. By heavens ! I will not be trifled with. On arriving, I observed she absolutely started at the expression of deep and concentrated passion, that must have betrayed itself on my countenance. I eagerly sought an opportunity of drawing her apart, and in stifled words begged her to grant me a few moments. We talked together in the recess of a large saloon, half aloud, as if engaged upon indifferent topics. "Julia, tell me what punishment you would have me inflict upon a woman, who, with such charms and talents as yours, should dare to sport with my peace and honor, for the sake of a little coquetry, for her pastime?"

I looked keenly at her, as if I would have read her soul. She started—grew embarrassed—and stammered out a few words of—I know not what. “Ah! do I read you right! Confess, confess; admiration is the god of your idolatry. You know not what love is!” and I flung her hand which I held, away from me. Several persons who observed us, thought I was relating to her some horrible story, or some hair-breadth escape by flood or field, accompanying it with my indignant gestures,—and they began to approach us as if to hear it.

This gave her time to recover herself; while the warmth of my own feelings also subsided, flattering myself that appearances might have deceived me. She took advantage of this revulsion of feeling, and approaching me with her eyes bent upon the ground: “Oh, Bemrode, you have wounded, bitterly wounded, the feelings of a friend. If I have the reputation of a coquette, was it for you to accuse me, and upon such grounds? What do you wish that I should do? Would you have me to say to my brothers’ friends, you are fools and fops, and weary my soul to death? Is it my fault that men want sense of feeling, or am I obliged to take them to task? Must I deprive my brothers of all society, because their friends direct their admiration to me? Or would you allow these insects of the day to derange your whole plan of life; and what is worse, Bemrode, to affect the quiet of a sensible man? Let them buzz and flutter around the flower, while we amuse ourselves with their trivial flights, and the flutterings of their gaudy wings. But do you seriously believe, (she added, in a lower tone, and a look full of passionate tenderness, while she pressed my hand); can you seriously think that I have not common sense, and common feeling enough to direct the choice of my heart?”

I should have thrown myself that moment at her feet, had she not whispered—“*They will see us;*” and with eyes of rage and hatred I glared upon the crowd of fools and rivals who encompassed us, like a fa-

mished lion upon a band of hunters, who have just disappointed him of his lawful prey as he had nearly run it down. I took her words, however, for a proof that she was won—won by me alone; and left the room with a firm step, and a lofty air, as if I were walking to a victory, repeating her assurance that “she knew how to direct the choice of her heart.” I now ranked myself incalculably higher in my own respect and esteem. The world has no delight to equal half what I then felt. I was young, and an object of the love of the most charming woman in the society in which I moved, and one whom counts and barons had solicited in vain. From this time I was safe game. She flattered my pride, though she could not increase my love. Months of illusion and bliss thus flew shorter than as many days away.

In this interval I neither obtained nor lost ground, and often sought for a solution of the mystery in my knowledge of human nature, but never in the faithlessness of Julia.

“It is but too apparent,” I reasoned, “that she loves me—she has not the art to conceal it. But in order to escape from the sense of its overwhelming power, she is obliged to affect a frivolity and love of admiration, which evidently is not in her heart. Still there must be no division of interests: I must possess full and unquestioned sway, or none, over the affections of that heart.

Love reigns a tyrant where he reigns at all.”

With this view I determined to pique her, and to rouse that jealousy in her, whose sting I had myself felt. For many days, which seemed like years, I had courage to abstain from seeing her, and then my visits were made shorter and less frequent.

I watchfully studied its effects. I took occasion to praise the extreme beauty of a young girl of her acquaintance, and appeared absent and thoughtful while in her company. When she spoke to me, I would not hear till she repeated her question; and I affected to take as little notice of

her as possible. Very soon I accomplished the object I had in view. She appeared as if she could no longer conceal her tenderness and anxiety. Her eyes looked as if she had been recently weeping. She became deaf to the flattery of my rivals, or listened with an air of indifference, as real, I imagined, as mine was feigned. I thought she paid me all those small and delicate attentions—proofs of true love ; and her eye was softer, and her voice more touching, whenever she addressed me. But it is enough to say, she perfectly succeeded in drawing me again into her toils, and made me confess, with shame, that my coldness had never been real.

I was like a poor fly struggling in the spider's grasp,—the moment it attempts to escape, the wily monster forges new chains till it is enveloped in a labyrinth of art, from which there is no hope of rescue.

In vain did I now entreat for a single half hour to ourselves. "How ungrateful you are !" she replied. "Do you not see how often I have tried to give it you ? But the slave of society and the world, you see I cannot escape even a moment from their eyes. If you knew," she said, looking down, "how much I wished—how much I have to say—the moment I can withdraw without suspicion—"

I pressed her hand to my lips with rapture, and ventured to complain no more that evening. I took leave of her earlier than the rest of the company ; and on passing the grand stair-case, leading into the saloon, I knew I was only within a few paces of Julia's chamber.

By a most unaccountable impulse,—but certainly from nothing that was not perfectly respectful, I suddenly glided into the room. Here, at least, the world cannot follow us,—and here she *must* afford me a few words of explanation, since she cannot do it elsewhere. Besides, did she not say she ardently desired it ? And she will surely do me the justice to believe, that her bed-room is as sacred in my eyes as the temple of a goddess ; and she herself is as safe as the priestess at her shrine.

I had not a thought which would have startled the most prudish virtue, and quietly sat down to a little writing desk, to express some of the pure and glowing feelings which the sanctity of the place inspired.

TO JULIA SLEEPING.

O, nightingale ! breathe soft that thrilling strain,
Nor let me lose the music of her sigh ;
And, Evening, veil in silence grove and plain,
And set thy star-watch in the beauteous sky ;
For sleep hath ne'er been blest with dream like this,
And hangs enamour'd o'er its nameless bliss.

At the further side of the chamber was a sort of curtained recess or alcove, which screened the toilet and Julia's bed from my view. I gazed upon this with deep and rapturous emotion ; but I no more thought of daring to remove the veil, than a Jew would have dared to tear away the veil of the temple. At last, with a thrilling sensation, I heard the saloon doors close, and steps, whose light soft fall I knew, approaching. I heard her voice. She was speaking to her eldest brother : but how was I startled, when, on bidding her good night, she called to him ; "Come into my dressing-room a moment, I will soon explain all that." I had no time to think : I rushed in a moment behind the curtain, and found myself near Julia's bed, just as they entered the outer chamber. I know not whether fear of discovery, or terror at my own sacrilegious boldness, most alarmed me ; but my sensations, I think, must have been very like those of a thief detected in robbing a church, just as he has secured the plate. I exclaimed, mentally, with a feeling of veneration—"May heaven protect thy slumbers in this sweet spot, sweet and innocent one, and watch over our love." They now began to converse audibly ; nor could I, if I had wished, have avoided hearing them.

"But hear me, Julia ; I tell you," he exclaimed, with warmth ; "you trifle with my young friends too much. You should not sport with the poor fools so outrageously : you carry your mockery too far ; it will be seen, and we shall become notorious." She only burst into a

fit of laughter, and in a vulgar tone, which I could scarcely believe her's, replied—"Dont blame me: is it my fault that they are fools? or do you expect that I am to furnish them with sense and wit, as well as beauty and accomplishments? (and she glanced at herself in a mirror.) But do not be uneasy, I see further than you think of. As soon as that everlasting old Count marches off for good, I intend to marry his rich simpleton of a son." "What, Klenau? But the old boy may live years." "No; but he will not; or in that case I will take care to secure Freizen, who will stay in leading strings for twenty years." "But consider, sister, you are now twenty-two, and ought to think of an establishment. What, in the name of folly, do you mean to do with that young owl of a minister, who looks as grave and moody as a judge? You seem wonderously loving together!" "What!" she exclaimed, with a fresh peal of laughter; "that strange creature Bemrode, who amuses me so much? Oh, he is so excessively absurd—and yet has such an excellent opinion of his own foolishness, with a vast knowledge of human nature, exalted principles, and book learning, which only serve to make him the world's dupe.—No; you must not deprive me of him, for I could better spare a dozen better men! I have had some difficulty with him, to be sure; but he is now a very tame bird indeed, and perfectly harmless, I assure you."—I shall not attempt to express the contending passions that now shook my very soul. Rage, shame, and contempt, by turns took possession of me. At one moment I was about to start from my hiding-place, the next full of torment to discover means of avoiding her, and how to effect my escape. After a few words more, they bade each other good night, and Julia remained alone. The question was now, whether I should discover myself, or be discovered—the sad alternative to which so many have been reduced! She approached her glass; took the artificial roses—emblems of herself—out of her hair, and loosed its rich pro-

fusion of ringlets that fell over her shoulders. What a pang did her cold and faithless spirit cost me then! for she indeed looked charming as the poet's fondest dream of love.

I had not infringed in the least degree upon delicacy; but was too honorable, however I might be tempted, to hesitate a moment more. Summoning up more courage than might have sufficed to walk up to a battery, I rushed forward. "Julia! false girl!" She screamed and started back. I put my finger to my lips. "It is for *your* sake; but, if you wish, you may betray me to your brothers." "Not for worlds! but, heavens! can it be you, Bemrode? How *dare* you—what do you here, sir?" "I study human nature, you know," I replied; "and I am now learning something of the heart of woman. My lesson is finished, Julia;" and bowing to her, while I drew my hand over my eyes to arrest the tears of wounded love and pride, I hastened to the door. She was so much surprised, that she did not offer to detain me. "To-morrow, then—to-morrow—we shall meet, my dear Bemrode—and, good night!" "Good night, *for ever*," I answered; and rushing past her, I found myself, I know not how, in the street. "Fool, fool!" I exclaimed, as I stamped with rage, and struck my forehead, "you are rightly served. It is but her trade; for *you* there is no excuse. Why did you rush on certain folly and destruction, and sacrifice time, peace, and self-esteem, at the pleasure of an accomplished jilt?" and I quarrelled with myself, as we sometimes do, so loud and vehemently, that I brought the patrol upon me, to inquire with whom I had disputed? "With a fool, I believe; but I hope he is gone now." My head reeled, and I felt a pain,—I suppose it was my wounded vanity,—that affected me with a nervous irritation all over. I believe I should have sought a quarrel with my best friend. Naturally mild and peaceable, I now began to meditate a thousand schemes of vengeance, for I thought it impossible

to exist in the same place with her, who had caused me such cruel humiliation.

The extreme anxiety and revulsion of feelings I had undergone, threw me at length into a fever; from which I awoke perfectly calm, and recovered from my love—if madness and folly may deserve the name. It appeared as if I had been in a long and sweet sleep; and I was told by my good hostess, who had nursed me, that after the delirium had subsided, I had fallen into a slumber that had continued a whole night and day.

The ancients were accustomed to conceal beautiful truths in the emblems and fictions of their sculptors and their poets. In a temple, discovered at Sicyon, is seen a statue dedicated to the God of Sleep, who is soothing an enormous lion, losing his rage in slumber, in his arms. The appellation written beneath, is "To the Giver of Good." At the moment I awoke,

I really thought he deserved the name, my feelings were so composed, and my vengeance at rest. I felt better than if I had written or read a hundred sermons, or received the advice of volumes of moral philosophy. And how often, since, has the "lion at my heart" become playful as a child in the arms of the soothing God, when all my reasonings and my systems of philosophy had failed of producing the effect!

I remained some days more without stirring out of my rooms, and settled my new plans of study. When I appeared again in society, I found every thing proceeding just in the same way as I had left it. But for above a month after, I always went more than fifty yards round, to avoid the street in which the sorceress lived. At the end of two, I found I had forgotten, without an effort, both my folly and its object.

THE MEMOIRS OF A SPARROW.

BY HIMSELF.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Circumsiliens modo huc, modo illuc,
Ad solam dominam usque pipilabat."

CATULLUS, *On the Death of a Sparrow.*

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS PARENTS.

Before I commence my story I must, above all things, and before all things, recommend to my gentle readers to lay aside their prejudices; for, looking at anything with wrongly preconceived impressions on the mind, is very like contemplating an object with colored spectacles, and you never see it as it is—or as you ought to know it. Entreating those who honor my memoirs with a perusal, to bear this in mind, I beg to tell them that I am a sparrow—and also that I am a philosopher! If people cannot comprehend *that*, the want of intellect is their misfortune, and not my fault; and my only regret is, that I have been born a century before my time.

My feathered fellows, I am bound to say, never did and never could understand me, while their vulgar mindless mode of life disgusted me. As to the female sparrows, or more properly expressing myself, the miss sparrows or sparrowesses, their little intrigues and pert coquetties were always disagreeable to me, and therefore I *stand*, or rather *fly* alone in the world. And now for "the full, true, and particular account" of my life.

Of my parents I have very little to say. They did for me, as their parents had done for them. They fed me, until I was able to provide for myself, and then they died like real patriots, for the benefit and general advantage of their father-land. It had been proclaimed by some very silly persons amongst that race of beings designated "men," that the sparrows were very mischievous birds, and a downright curse to agriculture. The consequence of this was, that as my respected parents were taking the air on the roof of a house, and just as they had perched themselves on a chimney top, for the purpose of enjoying a little confidential chat, they were espied by a pair of lynx-eyed little rascals, who shot them both at the same moment.

CHAPTER II.

SETS OUT ON HIS TRAVELS.

A very short time after the death of my father and mother, I went to the university of Gottingen. I built a nest for myself very close to the window of a professor, who, on account of the strong smell of tobacco in his room, left the casement almost constantly open. There, then, I imbibed wisdom, with the reeking tobacco smoke that came fuming forth, and filling my nest. But Gottingen did not please me. It is cold and gloomy, and the sparrows there are frightfully importunate and intrusive. The very instant I quitted my nest, for the purpose of seeking out some nourishment, a crowd of sparrows got around me, who not only tortured me with their twittering conversation, but who also looked with envious eyes, upon every little grain of oats that I could steal for myself.

I flew next to Vienna. The journey was long; but then it was very entertaining. In Vienna, I learned several languages. For instance, I learned the language of men, and the *swallow*-tongue, which is very nearly as difficult to pronounce as Dutch.

I cannot say anything very creditable of the Vienna sparrowesses; for I think them exceedingly idle and remarkably coquettish. When I found some of them beginning to set up there nest close to mine, I said to them, in order that I might put an end to all their hopes of my pairing with any one of them, "Dear creatures, don't trouble yourselves—your little cares are all lost if you make me the object of them, for *I* am a philosopher." They looked at me with astonishment; then shook their little heads and flew away!

CHAPTER III.

VISITS BERLIN AND MUNICH.

I can give a much better account of the Miss Sparrows in Berlin, to which place I

betook myself after a three months' abode in Vienna. In Berlin the Sparrowesses have somewhat of an education, or at least they appear to have it, which is all that one can ever hope from them. By all my fears of a hawk, and all my hopes of a worm, I firmly believe that I am the only one of the species who can decypher the signs of the zodiac, or know the use of a spade. But patience. A hundred years hence, and I hope the sparrows will be very distinguished.

I did not stop many months in Berlin, for I made up my mind to see the world. I chose the route by the banks of the Rhine, then branched off to Frankfort, passed by Carlsruhe and Baden, and fm I thence flew straight to Munich where I made a short *sejour*; but the uniformity of the conversation afforded me but slight hopes that I should ever be able to extend the sphere of my knowledge, which was the grand object of all my travels. Now, in Munich, they have only two themes for conversation, and these are "good beer," and "works of art." Beyond these the people of Munich never can speak, or, I believe, think of anything else.

CHAPTER IV.

BUILDS A PERMANENT NEST.

I began now to be tired of travelling, believing that I had seen enough of the world, although I was perfectly aware that Nature has given to us peculiar advantages for travelling; our wings carry us free over every road that we choose to go; we want no passport, nor bill of exchange, nor portmanteau, nor dictionary, to find out the name in a strange language for "breakfast," "dinner," or a "bed."

Having made up my mind, then, to travel no more, I looked out for a place where I might make my permanent abode. My choice fell upon the corner of a window of an old house in a little town in the south of Germany. I do not mention its name, lest any one should, on account of my peculiar qualifications, try to cage and to keep me; beyond all other things freedom is most dear to me, and I would not exchange it even for the protection of the rigidly enforced English game laws.

The window that I pitched upon for making a nest in its corner, particularly attracted me, on account of a very lovely girl's face, that I could see inside through

the dazzling white blinds. I must here observe to the reader, that as the first bloom of youth has passed away from me, that I now devote myself more earnestly to a quiet contemplative life, and on that account the interior of my nest is a point of very great importance to me. My endeavor has been to fit it up with every comfort. My personal comfort was now one principal point with me; and the second, to which I must own I attach no slight importance, is a beautiful prospect. Now, where could I find a more beautiful one than I had? When I looked abroad there were charming mountains, delicious woods, and—the *Rhine*—the proud, the glorious, and the majestic Rhine; and when I looked *within*, there I could see the neatest little maiden's chamber in the world. If ever there was a sparrow in the world to be envied, I was that particular sparrow.

CHAPTER V.

INTRODUCES THE HEROINE.

One morning, the little maiden leant out of the window, and remarked my little bachelor's abode, which I had just finished. Already I began to fear I was lost; but I was wrong, for she stretched forth her sweet little soft white hand towards me, in the most friendly manner, and said, "Fear not, my fine little fellow; I shall not injure you, nor drive you away. Stay by my side and enjoy your life as I do mine." The little hand always was approaching me most gently, and then I began to sport with her. I flew from my nest to the gutter, and there I chirruped as sweetly and joyfully as I could. I loved and chirruped for the dear creature; but, although I was captivated with her, I would not allow her to *catch* me. It is a fine thing to have common sense.

The tender girl chided me for my fears; she then laughed, and in the most friendly manner thus spoke to me:—

"Go again into your nest, my little man. Now that I see that nature has made you so coy, I shall never again annoy you." She instantly closed the window, and soon after left the chamber.

I began to take a deep interest in this charming person. She was almost constantly alone; and when she was visited it was by a very old woman, whom she called "aunt." Heaven be praised for one thing! It is that we birds have no

relations. I do not know, nor can I think, of anything more dreadful than to be tied to a large family, and overwhelmed with a multitude of relations. There are so many aunts, and so many uncles, and so many cousins, and so many nephews, and so many nieces, with whom one cannot have the slightest sympathy nor the smallest cordiality—who are no use if you are rising in the world, but will do their utmost to pull you down, and clip your wings, if they think you can get to a perch which they themselves may never hope to reach. We birds who have none of them are especially lucky. We have no relation beyond the one we choose for ourselves—our wife! And that even is a piece of good fortune which I have never tried to possess, because I love—to be master of my own nest. What security could I have that the Miss Sparrow that I might choose for my helpmate might not be of a domineering character? And then, there is the disadvantage that we birds have in our nest but one chamber, and I am obliged to have that all alone to myself, in order that I may pursue my studies. What, then, was to become of my spouse while I was at my studies? Supposing even I were to build her a nest for herself, there is not a roof of a house in the town that would not be covered with scandal-loving sparrows, chattering against me. No; after all it is better to live a bachelor's life, lonely and free. But I must return to the history of the lady.

CHAPTER VI. A LOVE STORY.

Upon a beautiful Spring morning, when her window was open, in order that the balmy air and sweet sunshine might cheer her chamber, I saw the maiden with a letter in her hand. After she had read it she kissed it a thousand times, but always secretly and slyly, as if she were ashamed of what she did. "Oh, poor soul!" thought I to myself, "you are in love!—how I do pity you! Now are all our little frolicking plays with each other at an end for ever." And so they were. She was either immoderately gay or dreadfully downcast and melancholy. For hours long would she, without any employment, sit in one position, and look, with benumbed senses, before her; and then, when she did sing, there was some-

thing so deeply affecting in her tones that they shook my nerves dreadfully, and they, I must own, are none of the strongest.

One day she came into the chamber sobbing, and dissolved in tears, and flung herself weeping upon the sofa. After a short time she rose and walked to the window, that the air might cool her burning eyes. She observed me, as I cast sad glances at her from my position on the window sill; and as it seemed to her that I could understand her, she said in a soft, heart-broken voice, "My good little bird, you look on me as pitifully as if you could comprehend my griefs. To you, then, will I complain, for I have no one else in the wide world to sympathize with me. *He* is away—he is gone—gone—gone. Do you understand me, little bird? He is gone—and with him all is gone—happiness, and joy, and life, and pleasure." She began again to weep, and I fluttered my wings, as my mode of expressing my sympathy. She misunderstood my gesticulations, and said, "Ah, yes! could I but fly, like you, then would I fly to him, to the far distant land, where their harshness has driven him. He, forsooth, was not rich enough—his unfeeling father and my unkind aunt have banished him. Ah, dear, dear little bird, I am very unhappy." My heart was almost broken from the intensity of my feelings for her sorrows. For a long time she was very gloomy, and spoke but very rarely to me. Then she was always saying to me, "Ah, if I could but fly as you do!" and at last she became perfectly silent.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

COMES TO A CONCLUSION WORTHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

The winter at length arrived, and when it did I scarcely ever ventured to put my head out of my well-covered nest, and devoted myself altogether to my studies. When the cold began to moderate I ventured out, and had just returned from a short flight in the neighborhood, and was resting myself in deep thought on the window sill, when the young maiden appeared in her chamber. She was deadly pale; there was sadness on her face, and there was a white garland in her hair, and a veil thrown over her head. Long and intently did she look on the prospect before her, and then said, "Fare thee well, thou

lovely Rhine ! Fare ye well, ye lovely flowers, and ye charming hills ! I look upon you all for the last time. And thou, my pretty pet sparrow, we, too, separate for ever from each other ! Or follow me, if it so pleases thee, and when I am dead—which I believe and trust will soon happen—then fly to my first, to my only love, in the distant land of Greece, and say to him that I have died—for him !”

She was interrupted. A huge, wicked-looking man, with a dazzling star upon his breast, entered her room and kissed her hand. “I could not deny myself the pleasure to visit you in your chamber. I wished to see a place in which my future spouse has spent so much of her time.” It seemed to me as if there was a slight

mockery in his voice, as there was an almost imperceptible sneer upon his lip. *She*, however, did not perceive either ; for she shuddered as she said, “What ! is it already the time ?” “It is, indeed, my beauteous bride,” he exclaimed, “and the priest waits below for us. Come, come.”

He gave her his arm. Once again she turned her head towards me, and—I never saw her again.

I could not think of following her, because I only like to look upon the happy. Had she remained where I am, I had never forsaken her, though her sorrows might be of the most heart-rending description ; but then, to follow and fly after misfortune, that would indeed be acting neither like a sparrow nor—a philosopher !

MY DREAM AT HOP-LODGE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

WHEN I was in Kent, last spring, on a visit to the friendly owner of Hop-lodge, in that county, I remarked that all the ladies of the family devoted their leisure hours to the same occupation. In a spirit of unanimity never before seen, except on the stage, all entered with enthusiasm into the same amusement ;—it was *not* scandal.

My friend's lively, warm-hearted wife—her sister and his sister—together with the little bright-eyed daughter not sixteen, and an ancient dame, distantly related to all the rest—nay, even the governess, at intervals—seemed to take a placid delight, hour by hour, in tearing up old letters, notes, envelopes, and other remnants of manuscript into small pieces, not much larger than a silver penny, and dropping them, by little handfuls, into little baskets beside them.

Every dull morning after breakfast, and every danceless evening after tea, the conversation was carried on to the monotonous accompaniment of a sharp, quick, rustling sound, produced by the continual tearing up of writing paper, of many qualities and sizes—some so crisp and so substantial that simply unfolding it would elicit a crackling noise, while reducing it to fragments caused a sound equal to that of a fine saw. So loud was it, at times, that the very postman's knock, announcing the arrival of a fresh supply of epistles, to be condemned, in due season, could hardly have been heard.

Enter the ordinary sitting-room when one would, there sate the lady of the house, emulating upon sheets of paper the experiments of M'Adam upon blocks of granite—the M'Eve, we may designate her, of foolscap and demy. With hands almost as white as the material they demolished, she pleasantly pursued her task of destruction, letting fall into the basket a tiny

handful of little pieces every minute. She looked, in her gaiety and beauty, like a laughing Juno, who had resolved to possess herself of a silver shower to match Jove's golden one.

Chariest of the chary in all matters which relate to ladies, married or single, I should as soon have thought of asking them to let me read one of the letters they were tearing up, as of questioning them as to the intended appropriation of those epistolary particles. So I watched the white hands plying their trade, I listened to the crumpling and crushing of paper day by day, but uttered not a word of inquiry. "It was," as Mr. Pepys remarks, "pretty to see."

One cannot interrogate a lady as to the destination of that thirty-second bead bag, which she is slowly manufacturing; nor ask the name of the gentleman for whom she is, with heroic fortitude, knitting that extremely protracted purse; nor wonder to her face why on earth she gives herself the trouble of spoiling that velvet by covering it with such crowds of colored disfigurements. As little could one ask her, when intently and constantly occupied, what she meant to do with those multitudinous scraps of paper. I could, with equal delicacy, have inquired whom the letters came from!

It was enough that the occupation or the amusement seemed intellectulay analogous to the more current performances with garnets and gold thread, in satin-stitch and water-colors, or upon lace-collars and fancy-bags;—idle labors often, and most forlorn recreations, which make so many ladies' lives like unto a gay, light, loosely-knitted silken purse, without any money in it!

Of course I had my private speculations concerning the ends for which those myriads of minute fragments were provided. I conjectured that some wise man, justly

abhorring long epistles, might have devised a plan of administering homœopathic letters, inditing notes infinitesimally. Again I had a notion that the drama of the "Exiles of Siberia" was about to be revived, and that the young ladies, great admirers of Mr. Macready, were anxious to make that gentleman a present of a severe snow-storm on the occasion.

On taking my departure, the most elderly of the ladies pleaded for the rest—"Had I any waste sheets of writing paper, outside scraps, useless business-letters, lithographed circulars, fly-leaves of notes, or old envelopes? their stock was running low, and before the fine weather had quite set in, they should be left with nothing in the world to do." Nothing in the world to do but tear up writing-paper into fragments no larger than silver pennies! Still it remained a question whether the fancy for destroying letters in that way might not be both wiser and pleasanter than a passion for writing them; and as I had recently contributed a large packet of old postage-stamps in aid of the funds for building a new church, so I resolved to let a huge pile of the letters themselves follow—for which I received a profusion of thanks, and another invitation to Hop-lodge.

It was in the autumn that I paid my second visit; and arriving at night, after riding some miles, jaded and sleepy, I was truly glad to retire at the earliest moment to rest. Had my pillow been a pillow of flints, the hardness would have been totally unfelt, for both eyes were close-sealed before I could fairly lie down.

It would be more correct to say that my lids, rather than their tenants, were there close-sealed; for the eyes themselves began now to see extremely well—rolling inwardly about in quest of things visionary. Perhaps I was a little too tired for sound and dreamless slumber; my legs, cramped and weary as they were, would be still in motion; and so, like a man upon his oath, I could not lie with any comfort.

Still I was asleep; but how long sleep's

reign, disturbed or not, had lasted, is very doubtful, when I heard, "in my dreaming ear"—the one next the pillow—a little crackling, rustling sound as of the rending or rumpling of paper, considerably firmer in its texture and substance than bank-notes. Yes, those peculiar noises, whether born in the brain, or having their existence actually within the pillow, as they appeared to have, resembled nothing else out of fairy-land. Millions of full-sized letters, oblong, and swarms of civil little notes, three-cornered, seemed heaped, by supernatural hands, under my head, in pieces equally countless and minute.

Perfectly still, I lay and listened. My downward ear seemed to draw in the sounds from the very interior of the pillow on which my head was now throbbing with surprise; and at every movement I made there was an increased rustle; not so sharp, by a thousand degrees, yet in tone not unlike the crashing of tender forest-branches, or the clatter of little shells and pebbles washed upon the beach.

Was the magic noise engendered in the air? Was it a most novel and untuneful singing in my own head? Or had the down, wherewith my pillow was filled, acquired that faculty of voice which the birds, from whom it had been plucked, had forfeited? Assuredly I could not have been more startled, had forty flocks of plucked geese come cackling round my bed, crying, "Give us back our feathers!"

Again I suspended my breathing, and hushed myself into an intense fit of listening. There still were the small crisp noises just under my ear, oozing apparently upward from the pillow, as clearly as drops of water would have trickled through it. And it was still a sound as of the tearing and crumpling of many quires of paper. A bank clerk, pulling, pinching, and whisking about piles of notes, from nine to five daily, would make less noise in a week.

I began to suspect that the fairies were playing pranks under my head; that Oberon and Titania had been tearing up all the

letters which had passed between them during their last quarrel, and that their small fingered subjects were scrambling for the tiniest pieces, to fold up, three-corner-wise, and send as love-notes or challenges to one another.

Perplexed past endurance, and finding upon repeated trials, that either ear, the instant it was placed to the pillow, caught sounds as audibly, as it would through the key-hole of a quiet family's nursery, I changed my position, and dreaming that I was wide awake (perhaps I was,) looked desperately upward through the darkness at the invisible ceiling of the room, when, what was my amazement to behold, in less than the sixtieth part of an instant, a thick shower of very little bits of paper descending on every side; some of a creamy hue, some bluish, some rather pinky—wire-wove, or glazed—gilt-edged or sable-bordered—but all falling about me like snow-flakes, or hovering over me like white feathers, which rather floated than fell.

“Did I ever?” was the question which I silently asked myself in my dream.

My eyes, at this strange spectacle, started far out of my head, and glowed with an unnatural light, by the aid of which, as by that of a pair of long fairs, I was indeed enabled to view the scene. Nor was the fire that burned in them useless, for, as the fragments of paper descended, the more I gazed at them, the plainer I could see that they were all written upon, possibly by that process which requires warmth to give legible effect to it. They were bits of letters—every one; indicted by many hands, and addressed to many persons, on subjects without number.

Fast and faster yet they fell—each one bearing its little word or syllable, or at least the tail of a *g*, or an *i*'s dot—until presently the room began to fill, and the fragments crowded together seemed to attach themselves to one another. In a few minutes, perhaps fifty of them would have adhered, and formed a sort of sheet; and then another flock of flakes, descending

from various points, would get into companionship, and so unite; and thus they floated above me, as I gazed upwards, like fleecy clouds, of a rather square and formal pattern it is true, and scribbled mysteriously all over.

I could now plainly discern, as they hovered near me, that the mingled multitude of scraps, the tattered and scattered remains of so much correspondence, had again formed themselves into letters—yes, into readable epistles; though they had certainly not re-assumed their original shapes, or revived themselves *verbatim et literatim*. As on a field of battle, where a gallant soldier's body is apt to be buried with another gallant soldier's head—or, should his legs have been carried away, he is interred haply with the lower extremities of a veteran who belonged to a different regiment, so here I could perceive that many of the fragments had fallen into strange company, and attached themselves to pieces to which they bore no epistolary relation.

Thus, on one sheet which descended into my hand, I saw that the writing was throughout the same, but the beginning and the end had been written at different periods: the first sentences seemed traced with a quill whose ink was as generous wine to communicate joy; but the latter part had been scrawled with a steel pen dipped in gall. It began with overflowing friendship, wondering what the writer would not gladly sacrifice for him whom he addressed; but it terminated with civil regrets for altered circumstances, and a formal “I have the honor to remain.”

I caught the first lines of a love-letter—they were rapturous. Love was life; it included all of happiness the world contains,—and every word expressed the writer's conviction that wealth is dross, and parental consent a superfluity; but a discrepancy ensued, for there was something at the close about the necessity of an ample fortune, the charm of filial obedience, and the proud duty imposed upon young hearts of tearing themselves asunder, and

seeking happiness somewhere else, "remaining ever, &c."

Here the right persons were associated in the rejoined letters, but with the terrible disadvantage of wrong dates. In other cases, I detected mutilated notes in one hand-writing—a lady's, but evidently addressed to two different persons, thus:—

"*My dearest Jemima*,—Let nothing prevent you from coming; remember, it is my birthday, and without *you* what felicity could be mine!—How exquisite is a pure sympathy between minds such as ours. Come in your blue lutestring; nothing becomes you half so much. You must forgive me for asking that treacherous thing, Julia—I can't help it. * * * * All will go wrong without *you*, and so I rely. But how should I hesitate at any time to confide in heavenly truth like yours; the worst of it is, that odious Jemima will, I fear, be with us, flirting in her horrid blue lutestring. But let the joy of a friendship like ours be unclouded by a thought of such intrusions. Ever, my dearest Julia, &c."

There was one at which, as it caught my eye, I laughed so loudly, as to be in great fear of waking myself. What added to the oddity of it was, that it was addressed to a particular friend of my own, but in two different hands; and thus it ran:

"My dear sir, will you give us the pleasure of your company at dinner,—or proceedings will be taken against you without further notice. Yours, &c., Rasp and Clerk."

The next epistle came fluttering by, as if half ashamed of itself; yet it was full of virtuous sentiments, clad in the best Latin of the best authors, and painted the youthful writer's studious, respectable, and devout college life to the eyes of a liberal, but grave and dignified uncle. It was clear, however, that a wrong postscript had affixed itself to this letter to the tune of—

"P. S.—Come down, Jack, and blow a cloud with us. I've a case or two of good things, and lots o' tin from Uncle Starch; but come at once, my Flanders brick, for these infernal duns are grabbing at it like blazes."

A lady's hand-writing again attracted my gaze, but here there was an anomaly relative to dates.

"*July 20th*.—As for Adolphus, as you call him, he is detestable. Was there ever such a conceited fright! I would not have him if there were not another man in the world. * * * * For I must frankly confess that my whole heart is in this engagement, and that without Adolphus existence would be a blank—*August 21st*."

Among the thousands floating about, I caught one in a schoolboy's hand; the first portion written like copper-plate, the latter upon the pothook plan—but the whole addressed to a revered parent:—

"*Honored Father*,—The happy season has returned when filial affection finds its proudest gratification in reporting to beloved parents the progress of those intellectual, moral, and religious studies, which it is the blessed privilege of your son to enjoy at Birch-grove. For the bodily as well as mental improvement, which I trust on my return at Christmas you will be able to recognise, I am indebted to that judicious kindness which placed me under the tender and enlightened care of my preceptor. * * * * Aunt will give you this she sez, and I wish you may git it, for I want some more Marmalaid and also a cake, for they keep me so Hungrey I cant lern nothing, also a large piece of tinn to put at the back of my West-cot, for I dont like the jolly wackings thats going on here—and I dont mean to come Back I can tell you, and Aunt says I sharnt, but as I have got sum Curran jam I shall conclude, so good by, dear papa, your affectionate son Nixy, short for Nicholas."

I had another fit of laughter, which nearly woke me, on solving another riddle—a note, commencing with expressions of the most delicate and idolatrous love, suddenly turning into cold business matters, and ending with "now don't make a fool of yourself by sitting up again, for I shall be late." The last lines were part of a letter written after marriage—the first were not. Specimens of this class were plentiful.

I was also tickled with the absurdity of an aristocratic order to a tradesman to send in his account without delay, terminating with "assurances of most distinguished consideration;" and a note to Mr. Buckstone, requesting orders for the theatre, might be seen gravely commencing with "Reverend Sir."

Of the countless quires of paper which, in separate sheets, fluttered and fell around me, there was not a note without its grave or ridiculous contradiction. Some false fragments had engrafted themselves even on the truest stock, while in others some few scraps were wanting, leaving little holes in the epistle where the sincerity seemed to have dropped out. Here an affecting lecture on the solemn duties and flimsy vanities of life was cut up by an intruding inquiry, "Where the very best

green silk twist is to be got," as the writer would "give the world to know;" and two or three lively notes, containing the particulars of a wedding, had been eked out with pieces bearing a mourning border—which possibly might not be altogether misplaced after all.

Here and there, I perceived a letter, in which the stray scraps and remnants had met together without any order or ceremony, so that there was not the slightest pretension to meaning in the entire document. Yet it did not appear to be much inferior in style to many letters which are daily marked "confidential" or "immediate" by charming correspondents.

A terrible exposure was going on around me. Every sheet was a witness against somebody. Here Pride was unmasked, by the union of two halves of letters, one dated from a hovel, the other from a hall; here Honesty was proved a scamp, by confessing in a postscript what the letter denied. Here Sincerity was stamped hypocrite, by the junction of praise and censure under its own hand; and there, Benevolence was convicted of subscribing to a public fund, and having "nothing to give away" in private. In each and all

lurked some anomaly; harmless or criminal.

The confusion at length totally obscured my senses; and I could read no more. The letters broke up again into flakes, the flakes melted into the darkness like snow, and I slept in serene unconsciousness till ten. The secret came out at breakfast in much tender concern about my night's rest. Had I slept? Could I forgive such forgetfulness?

"The ladies here," said my friend, in explanation, "fear that you may have quarrelled with your pillow. They are fond of making paper pillows for the poor and the invalided; and one of these being placed in readiness upon your bed, nobody remembered it until you were fast asleep."

A Paper Pillow! And I had been dreaming the family secrets—reading in my sleep, the family correspondence! There was a slumbering indelicacy in the very idea!—I uttered no remonstrance against the cheap and charitable invention; but however cool and soothing may be the paper pillow to some, I reflected, for my own part, that there was much practical wisdom, and a most exact and admirable simile in that pretty saying of King Once-upon-a-time—

"I'll to my couch; like me, a downy one!"

THE PERPLEXED POET.

APICIUS VON RIPPEL was one of those lath-like men, whom one may chance to encounter on an April day, walking leisurely and unwashed 'twixt the drops of a smart shower; long-drawn as a lover's sigh, and slender—as his own income.

Though he had certainly been a *long* resident on this locomotive world of ours, he had amassed but little, and *barely* lived, as *his habiliments* evidently demonstrated; yet Apicius Von Rippel never complained, and if he did at first *groan* a little, he had grown so much lately, that he appeared to have *risen superior* to the petty cares and misfortunes of a world—the which, like a true philosopher, he only regarded as a mere *ball* at his feet, which (when *he* had given his last *kick*) would continue to roll on to the end of time!

Von Rippel was neither a filthy swineherd, nor a mechanic, but an *author*—a man who lived upon his own brains—by which his spare habit proved that he gained nothing to spare—and little to spend.

Whether this arose from lack of wit in Apicius, or in others, never was resolved. But threadbare poverty is, alas! too often the companion of genius.

One night, Apicius was busied in the composition of a sonnet to his mistress *eye*—for, like the Alphabet, the lovely Artemisia possessed but *one*—being in this respect, *singularly* beautiful, as likewise in the situation of her *head*, which, like her heart, was all on one side! But to make amends for these personal particularities, she had a wit as sharp as a razor, and a *temper* far surpassing it.

There was not such another virgin on the world's surface—Artemisia was a phoenix of her kind; and fortunately for Apicius was it, that nature had so ordained

it, for had her twin and counterpart appeared, Apicius, like Mahomet's coffin, would have hung suspended, and pined to death betwixt the equal attraction.

Having proceeded about half-way in the echoing labyrinth of his *monocular* sonnet, Apicius, who was reposing in peace, but to rise again, upon a tombstone, rested his left hand and his scrap-book upon his knee, and stuck his pencil precisely against the side of his nose, while his memory crawled leisurely over a lexicon of tuneful words for a rhyme. Nothing apposite, however, could Von Rippel catch; and he began to read aloud what he had already indicted, hoping to run into another line by the genial course of inspiration; but it would not do—he stopped short at the conclusion of his own lines, as if they were the *lines* of an enemy.

The sound of his monotonous mousing had scarcely died upon the breeze, when, in a distinct and pompous voice, he heard the sonnet continued and concluded.

As the invisible's words fell from his lip, Rippel's fell from his hand—but not one, even of wonderment, from his tongue. He dared not stir—his feet had no more expression in them than his rhymes.

The moon's rays were beaming brightly before him, and his elongated shadow reposed motionless (like a black attendant) behind him.

He remained fearfully silent—so still that, comparatively in the imperfect light, the monumental stones and their shadows appeared to be animated.

His neck was as stiff as a crocodile's, or a rusted hinge. At last a sigh oozed from his lips, and was answered by a laugh—it was a rich, merry laugh, and full of encouragement.

Apicius was soon mounted on the ob-

servatory of his own legs ; and throwing his eyes about him, they chanced to light upon the diminutive figure of a man, supported by two legs and a crutch-stick.

"How are ye, my man?" quoth the Dwarf, with such a patronizing, consequential air, that it was impossible to refrain from laughter.

"Well said, little one!" exclaimed the poet, indulging in a mirthful fit, and stooping down to take a nearer view of the dwarf.

"Aye, laugh on—laugh on!—'tis only tit for tat; for I laughed at your *sighs*," cried the Dwarf, "and now you laugh at mine!"

"By Dian! who now smiles so sweetly upon us," exclaimed the chuckling poet, "thou art a comical little prig; short as an epigram, and rounded like one of my own periods."

"Ahem!"

"What art thou a-hemming at, my sprig o'myrtle?"

"At thy vanity, Meinherr Cedar!" replied the Dwarf; "but I tell thee what now," carelessly throwing his right leg across his left in attitude, and resting on his crutch stick—"I tell thee what, though I have not the *right* use of my *left* leg, I'll run with thee for a wager."

"Done!" cried Apicius, stretching out one leg, and measuring it with a glance of confidence. "But what is the wager?"

"He who is beaten at running shall stand a supper."

"Done to that.—But where thall we display?"

"The high-road, methinks, will suit thee best!" replied the Dwarf, eyeing the lengthy Apicius with a smile.

"Come along, then!" cried the poet.—"Oh! I can run like a rivulet!"

"And I like a seedling-cabbage," said the Dwarf;—"or like the dark ivy which can run over the tallest trees!—Now, if I outrun thee, thou wilt run out of thy wits!"

"I have more fleetness than fear," replied Apicius; and by this time, having reached the high road, they stood;—the signal was given—Apicius bounded forward like a lank greyhound, while his little competitor hopped and jumped, and jumped and hopped—like a hunted rat beside him.

Apicius was wonderstruck at his swiftness and agility, and puffed like a forge bellows, while the Dwarf laughed and joked in perfect good humour all the way, propelling his diminutive body with apparently very little exertion; and finally won the race by several yards.

"Vanquished!" cried Apicius; "a well won match—a noble feat!"

"That hath proved my *feet* superior to thy long legs! But now for the supper, for running hath given me an appetite."

"The supper! the supper!" exclaimed the poet, rather staggered by this just demand.—"Now, by Artemisia's ivory brow! I have not a penny in my poke!"

"What?" cried the ruffled Dwarf, assuming a big look, "dost thou intend to defraud me of my due? Sdeath! sirrah, I am no plaything for thy wit to trifle with.

"Come, come, be cool, my little fire-ball!" replied Apicius, scarce able to refrain from laughter at the pigmy's terrible looks and menaces:—"As far as cheese-rinds and a mouldy crust may serve, thou art welcome to partake of my fare; and if, in lieu of *hock*, thou can'st relish the pure element, follow me."

"Follow thee! never, thou swindling varlet;"—and springing at him, in a paroxysm of rage, the Dwarf struck Apicius such a tremendous blow on his unfortunate scone, that the pain *awoke* him, and the love-sick poet found he had been lying, *all along*, asleep upon a monumental slab, against which in the excitement of his dream he had bumped his pate.

PRESUMPTUOUS LOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

"I have scarcely seen forty summers, notwithstanding my face has assumed the wrinkled decrepitude of old age. When I was twenty, I was already the most celebrated scholar in all Germany; my name had bounded over the classic threshold of the University of Jena, and one day William Beaucamp was elevated from the academical benches to the Professor's Chair of Philosophy, in the great college of a royal residence.

"Surrounded as I was by a young and ardent group at this period, I mixed up my philosophical and literary instruction with fomenting, in their turbulent minds, a warlike ardor, and calling forth their pride, patriotism and courage, in the cause and independence of old Germany. The modest chair of the Philosopher became the noisy tribune of an agitator. The strong public favor manifested towards me, called upon me to play, in despite of myself, the part of a little great man; and to add still more to the popularity of my glory, my old friends and brothers at Jena did me the honor to request me to compose a war song appropriate to the times, upon the dangers of our common country; and I wrote in haste the Hymn of Germany, which was warmly and enthusiastically adopted by all the youth of that country.

"My National Song aroused in the principality an astounding sensation; and the King, who had not deigned to notice the eloquence of philosophy, awoke all at once to the thrilling sound of my popular chorus, and he allowed to fall upon the simple robe of a Doctor of Philosophy the reflection of his regal crown; I was forthwith appointed a Privy Councillor, and tutor to three of the King's children.

"Charged with the education of children who had a right to know nothing if they pleased, the office was a complete and

profitable sinecure. Unhappily, the regal idleness of my august pupils allowed me to give myself up entirely to the *ennui*, the etiquette, and follies of the court, and all at once I fell into the idleness of a princely life. I forgot my quiet and peaceful habits, and neglected my former intellectual occupations—Greek, Latin, history, science, philosophy, were now laid aside, and in their stead my time was employed in learning to dance, to bow with grace, to hold my head with elegance, and to ride on horseback with dexterity.—I exchanged the simple habit of a grave Professor for the gilded coat of an *outré* courtier. I wrote amorous verses, glided through the mazy waltz, and was the author as well as hero of several drawing-room comedies—in a word, I had at length the incredible audacity to fall madly in love with the daughter of the king, the Princess Marianne.

"Under these circumstances, you will surely imagine that misfortune the most fearful, the most appalling was mine; but you cannot guess half my misery; only picture to yourself that I was in love, and, with whom—with the daughter of a King.

"It is difficult for a foreigner to understand the poetry of passion which overwhelms a German lover, and who can live so long upon such slender encouragement as a single look—a word—a tear—a sigh—a remembrance. You require strange events, extraordinary scenes, pompous display to excite you—we only want calm, silence, clouds, and reverie. You love in prose—we adore in poetry; with us 'tis the passion of a life—with you the mere excitement of a moment.

"My trembling love and silent adoration of the Princess Marianne, was, no doubt, extreme audacity and unparalleled temerity. It well became me to love the noblest, the most beautiful and matchless

being of all the court, and of all Germany. It well became an unfortunate like myself—a miserable pedant—to weep, to suffer, and even to die for her. To speak the truth, my enthusiastic love was a mystery to myself. For a year, or as I felt it, an age of suffering and of folly, in which I loved day and night, without a single ray of hope to cheer the gloomy future; I loved in secret and in silence too, my only confidants being poetry, music, the flowers, the stars, and the trees. To see Marianne at a distance—respectfully to salute her, and disappear, was, at first, the extent of my desires, my only ambition, and the hope of my life; but I saw her smile—perhaps it was at my woe-begone appearance, or it was, perhaps, in disdain or pity; but it mattered not to me—I had seen her smile, and I was proud, was satisfied, was inexpressibly happy.

“One morning, the master of the royal household entered my chamber, and told me, without any previous demand on my part, that for the future I was to have the royal sanction to enter the Park, appropriated exclusively to the family of the King, and to walk there with my three young pupils morning and evening. What inexpressible happiness this gave me; to have daily an opportunity of approaching the star of my idolatry—to hear her speak—to see her smile, although she had never deigned to address to me a single word; yet I had often heard the sweet music of her voice in speaking to her brothers, and the thrilling echo of that voice still resounds in my heart, and whispers softly in my ear.

“In a little time, I vainly imagined that the Princess Marianne smiled with more than her usual grace at my approach, and that she saluted me with a sweetness which eloquently said a thousand charming things; and these remembrances are alike fondly treasured in my heart.

“One day, when we were sheltering from the effects of a burning sun, under the umbrageous shades of the densely-wooded park, one of the Maids of Honor came to me and requested that I would

sing for the Princess a new song, of which I was the composer as well as the author. Tremblingly I obeyed, when on a sudden the exquisite voice of Marianne repeated the concluding stanzas of my amorous ditty. Judge of my surprise, my vanity, my delirium of delight; it was like the seraphic tones of an angel deigning to respond to the coarse and discordant melody of a mere mortal.

“The recollection of this scene nearly deprives me of my reason; my hopes were raised, and I thought my passion was returned.

“The next day I had the inconceivable audacity to write the following billet:—

“Madam—If my good fortune should ever enable me, in my walks in the park or garden, to find a handkerchief of your Royal Highness, worked with the name you so eminently adorn, will you deign to permit me to keep it, as a memento of your benevolence and of my hopeless love?”

“In two days after this, I was, as usual, taking my morning walk in the Park, when I perceived the Princess approach, surrounded by a crowd of nobles. I drew aside as they came near, and as she passed the tree which half concealed me by its foliage, a handkerchief fell from her hands—and this was the last brilliant dream of my presumptuous love!”

“The same evening a Captain of the Royal Guards entered my chamber, and demanded that I should deposit in his hands all my letters, papers, and manuscripts, by order of the king. He then politely desired me to follow him, handed me into a travelling carriage, whispered a few words into the ear of the coachman, and without condescending to notice my terror and agitation, or without informing me of the crime I had committed, he very coolly said, that he was charged to place me within the walls of a state prison.

“The state prisons of Germany were, indeed, living sepulchres, where the unhappy inmates dragged on a miserable existence. The sorrows which I there endured; the tortures which I there submitted to, God alone knows, and I have now scarcely the courage to recall them to my

mind. I have wept, I have suffered ; I have felt the piercing cold, I have endured the horrors of hunger ; and this agony lasted fifteen years. And yet I lived, surrounded by these horrors ; shut out from the light which God alone can give ; imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon, with but a few trusses of straw to lay my withering limbs upon ; yet morning and evening, at all times and at all hours, I besought of Heaven to grant me but one ray of sun, and one look at my adored Marianne ; but Heaven was inflexible. To replace the sun, I had the light of a sepulchral lamp, and, instead of Marianne, the jailor was the only human being I could look upon.

"One morning, after fifteen years' imprisonment and sufferings, a man descended to my dungeon, and said to me, "*You are free!*" Without uttering a word I followed this important personage, before whom the prison doors flew open, and I felt that I was once more at liberty.

"Will you believe me when I tell you, that I thought not of the sufferings I had endured, nor the friends that I had known, nor the kindred from whom I had been torn, nor the fame which I had lost, nor the prospects which were about dawning upon me ; no, I thought but of her—of Marianne."

"The first question I asked you may easily surmise, it was concerning her for whom I had suffered so much. I learned that the Princess, about twelve years back, had quitted the kingdom of her father, to marry the heir apparent to a royal crown."

"With liberty I felt a renewal of courage ; the sun and the air had given me strength, my own country had now no charms for me, my Marianne was gone ; and I boldly set out in the hope of prostrating myself once more at her feet, carrying with me my only treasure, the handkerchief of the Princess.

"In a few days I arrived in the new country of my enchantress, and contrived

to glide, notwithstanding the miserable appearance I presented, into the garden of the Ducal Palace. God took pity upon my sorrows and my wishes, and after I had been there for a short time, I perceived a female walking with slow and measured steps ; her feet touched the earth, but her eyes and thoughts were raised to Heaven. She advanced towards me without seeing or noticing my approach. In a moment I raised a cry of agony, and fell with my arms extended, insensible, a short distance from the Princess Marianne.

"She knew me not, but yet hastened to offer what succour she could to an unfortunate sufferer. She spoke—she interrogated me in the sweetest voice possible. She offered me money—her entire purse ; which I rejected, weeping at her feet, and wiping away my tears with the handkerchief which she had given me."

"Your name ?" she falteringly asked.

"You know it well. I am William Beaucamp."

"From whence come you ?"

"I come from a world of sufferings, regrets, and tears."

"What is that world ?" she asked.

"A prison."

"Rise, William," she said ; "we shall perhaps meet again. Adieu !"

"The Princess gave me her hand, which I enthusiastically pressed to my lips. She disappeared in the park, and I never saw her again ; for ere I recovered from a brain fever, which confined me a month to my bed, she had been removed I could not learn whither, and I was forced to accept a pension offered to me, which enables me to wander homeless and loveless through the world, an outcast and a stranger ; and when I think of my love, and the brilliant promises of my youth, I weep ; but then I have a consolation—my only one—and that is, to wipe my tears away with the handkerchief of my beloved and too well remembered Marianne.